Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Calif.

The Christian Century PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME VI | CHICAGO, DECEMBER, 1935 | NUMBER 12

Christmas Number

ALBERT BUCKNER COE
"The Need and the Promise"

GAIUS GLENN ATKINS
"The Ascent of Wonder"

GEORGE D. ALLISON
"A Truce on Selfishness!"

CHARLES F. WISHART
"The Task of Forgetting"

JAMES GORDON GILKEY
"Staying Serene in a Distracted World"

JAMES E. FREEMAN
"Facing a New Year"

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON
"A Christmas Prayer"

PREACHER PROBLEMS

HERMAN F. REISSIG
"The Frontal Attack in Preaching"

The Need and the Promise

BY ALBERT BUCKNER COE

Where is the God of judgment? Malachi 2:17.

Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest. Luke 1:31, 32.

THERE are many legends connected with the naming of the Susquehanna river that flows through Pennsylvania and Maryland. The legend which always appealed to my childhood fancy centers around the Indians who roamed America before the white settlers arrived. The river is full of rapids. Men have taken it as sport to "shoot the rapids" in their canoes and boast later to wide-eyed listeners of the danger of the journey. Noted men have died and their bodies been lost forever in the churning, rushing river between the Conowingo bridge and Port Deposit. In ancient days an Indian chief named Susqua was in the habit of exploring the rapids in the moonlight for sport or for the wreckage of lost canoes. Knowing the danger her husband risked, his wife, Hanna, walked the bank of the river in distress. In the darkness she cupped her hands at frequent intervals and called out into the terrifying distance—"Susqua!" Then back out of the whirling water would come the reassuring voice—"Hanna!" Thus, according to the legend, the name Susquehanna was given to the river. If we listen with our hearts we note the eagerness, the breathless yearning in the voice of the woman. We imagine also her relief when the chief's response reached the shore.

Let us change the scene to the Bible. About four hundred years before the birth of Jesus a prophet lived named Malachi. He taught the people who had returned to Jerusalem. He was deeply concerned over their sins. They were unbrotherly—"Why do ye deal treacherously every man against his brother?" They were forgetful of God—"Judah hath profaned the holiness of the Lord." In this consciousness of the peo-

25 Cents a Copy Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. **Two Dollars a Year**

ple's unbrotherliness toward one another and their forgetfulness of God Malachi yearned for the promised Messiah. In his anguish he cried aloud. The depths of urgency and need are in his cry: "Where is the God of judgment?" In figure the prophet lifts his voice out over the turbulent years between the Old and New Testament and with his eyes upon the future he calls: "Where is the God of judgment?" Like the voice of Hanna rising out of a troubled soul the voice of Malachi sounds through the years ahead wistfully calling for salvation.

The cry is answered. Back across the distance that separates the Old and the New Testament, back from the Gospel of Luke, the reply comes clear and strong: "Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest." Here is the promise which answered his need.

HUMANITY'S PERSISTENT CRY

This sense of need is not an experience which came only to Malachi. It is a universal experience. And it is an experience that may be voiced with special urgency at Christmas time. For it is Christmas that quickens in us our realization of the constant promise that can answer all our needs.

This is Christmas: to voice our needs and joyfully receive the promise of hope.

"Where is the God of judgment?" What desperate urgency! Hear a whole people crying out of their need —a poignant, urgent cry! Eighteen hundred years ago Paul began to spread abroad the story of Jesus. One night he heard a voice calling him into Macedonia to instruct the people in the new way. It was a cry of longing—longing for a light in their darkness. Of course Paul went over into Macedonia and helped them. Thirteen years ago Japan was bowed under earthquake, fire and famine. The pathetic cry for help came sounding over the sea to America. Little children with mingled cries of hunger and bewilderment, mothers sorrowing in the loss of children, fathers helpless to protect and impotent to relieve—all made one mighty appeal to the American heart. Of course America replied with food, clothing and medical care. She could not and would not do other.

During the past summer I visited the Isle of Skye in Scotland, that land which lies to the northwest in the Hebrides. Fishing one day in a motorboat we passed an almost perpendicular cliff of great height, a regular rock of Gibraltar. From far up the cliff there came the pathetic bleating of a lamb. Our party gazed in consternation. On a ledge ten feet long, full two hundred feet above the water, a lamb ran distractedly to and fro. It had slipped from its pastureland at the top, a distance of one hundred feet, and fallen to this ledge from which it could not climb back. The boatman told us the lamb had been there for more than a week and would probably starve there. The pathetic bleating continued, tearing at our heartstrings and calling for action that we could not give. Jesus said something years ago about the shepherd leaving the ninety and nine and going in search of the lost sheep. In more recent times Sankey, of evangelistic fame, brought hope to thousands by singing:

> There were ninety and nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold,
> But one was out on the hills away,
> Far from the gates of gold—
> Away on the mountains wild and bare,
> Away from the tender Shepherd's care.
>
> "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
> Are they not enough for Thee?"
> But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
> Has wander'd away from me;
> And although the road be rough and steep,
> I go to the desert to find my sheep."

Surely something could be done to rescue the lamb lost on that ledge so high above us. Still it called forth to us—pathetic, poignant, urgent. We sent word to the shepherd. Of course the shepherd came. Two weeks later word reached us that the lamb had been rescued and carried in gentle arms back to the shelter of the fold.

The Macedonians in their need, the Japanese in their distress, the lamb lost from the fold present the eternal picture of needy humanity as it looks, not in the direction of an empty universe, but in the direction of hope and promise.

Where do we hear the urgent cries of need today? They make a conglomerate sound as we walk the streets of the city, as we read the pages of the newspaper, as we study the records of the settlement houses, as we visit the welfare societies and the employment bureaus. Suppose we separate the sounds and select the cries that are most urgent.

TODAY'S SAD PLIGHT

We, all of us, cry from our separate hearts. We are so weary with the journey of life. The health of the family is poor—night after night has been spent in wakefulness. The color has gone from our cheeks. We are timid. We are frightened—life frightens us and death frightens us. We are weighted down with stubborn sorrow. In other years we had strength to throw off our sorrows in the order of their coming, but not now. Now they remain with us as hydra-headed monsters, frightening us and making life altogether miserable. We are envious. We are filled with false pride —we are unwilling to ride in last year's automobile or wear the suit purchased three years ago. We spend our days worrying over trivialities—the constantly reappearing dust under the large rocking-chair in the living room, or the menacing rattle that is developing in the trusty Ford. In short, we are living within ourselves surrounded by four ever thickening walls that form for us a musty prison-house. The rivers and the wide plains and the goldenrod in the meadows are cut off from our view. The cry of need that comes from our souls rises in a piercing crescendo, cutting the heart of the discerning few who listen and breaking the heart of the sufferer. The cry of Malachi is in us—in you and me: "Where is the God of judgment?"

Cries go up from many homes where there is no joy.

There is no companionship in some of these homes; each member comes home to sleep the remaining hours of the night away before he rushes through his breakfast and departs to his business or another round of activities. There is no kindliness in some of these homes, nor sweet affection nor tender consideration. In some homes there is too much money and too much drinking. In others there is too little money and too much drinking. Occasionally there is a hard, slave-driving attitude on the part of a parent. In hundreds of homes there is little or no cooperation; children are treated as anything but personalities, mothers are tools for service and fathers

ALBERT BUCKNER COE

are machines for minting money. So often reverence is gone—reverence for man and reverence for God. Hectic hurry is the habit. Strained looks and tired eyes are silhouetted against the fireside. No wonder a cry like that of an animal caught in the thicket goes up, breaking the hearts of those who hear. The cry of Malachi is repeated: "Where is the God of judgment?"

RELIGION ON THE WANE?

Cries go up from bewildered churches. People, honest people, intelligent people, need religion, but are staying away. What can be the trouble? Surely it is not entirely the fault of those who do not attend. Is the architecture bad? Is the worship lacking in effectiveness? Are the sermons unrelated to life? Are the sermons too much related to life? Perphaps there is not enough zeal. The reaction from the zeal of Moody and Sunday may have driven the church into a coldly intellectual mood. Perhaps we should get back to the fervent prayer and the insistent note. Perhaps there is not enough honesty. The coat we wear on Sunday is not modeled for use in our business on Monday. In Puritan days men often had their Sunday clothes which were kept safely out of sight during the week ready for use on the Sabbath morning. It may be that now, in our day, we do the same thing spiritually. We wear our religion on Sunday and hang it safely away on Monday. Men at large instinctively sense such dishonesty. Perhaps there is not courage enough in our churches—courage to claim God in his mystic beauty and courage to enter the jousts of life. Whatever the reason, the cry is there. The churches call out with Malachi: "Where is the God of judgment?"

Our country is in need. The intricacies of the world are so vast that we scarcely know where to turn. We desperately want peace, but a world sitting on a powder keg knows not how to keep the peace. We want to believe in the nation next to us, but we find that while she has been smiling at us governmentally she has been preparing a dagger for us under the table of our friendship. We have been trying to take a large view of the world, recognizing ourselves as a part of it, but the masses of people permit themselves to be whipped into a frenzy of nationalism and conservatism by "loud speakers" residing in luxury in California or kneeling before the altar of the Church of the Little Flower in Michigan. We work and pray passionately for peace and every day seems to bring war nearer. Where is the God of judgment? We see the depression apparently over, business booming, the stockmarket climbing. But still thousands are out of work and men in their prime are "too old" for gainful employment. We see a complete befuddlement of the "public mind" which gives rise to Townsendites, Constitution cranks, and builders of "monumental armories." What a cry rends the air! With Malachi our country calls: "Where is the God of judgment?"

THE WORLD'S ONLY HOPE

To all this need the promise comes back—a promise of hope—"Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest." We rejoice with exceeding joy. Jesus, center of the world's most beautiful story, born in a manger, watched over by angels, adored by wise men, "an infant tender and mild," is the promise for Malachi and the promise for us. We exult with great exultation.

> Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine
> Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
> No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
> So fair a temple of so vast a soul.

What is there in Jesus that can meet our needs? Consider his compassion. He loved everyone, even those who opposed him. Little children were especially dear to him. Sorrowing parents drew forth his great concern. The deaf, the dumb, the halt, the blind always found a response in him. He walked one day in the midst of an excited group of people. He had performed several "mighty works" and all men desired to follow after him. The strong and the weak were alike in their eagerness, but the strong thrust the weak aside. A

blind man, named Bartimæus, was one of those left by the roadside. He waited, knowing that Jesus would pass. The surging crowd came on. Bartimæus cried out in the midst of the din: "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me." It was such a piercing cry that Jesus heard him. He answered: "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" "That I might receive my sight." Quickly came Jesus' response of mercy and love: "Go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole." What compassion! And that compassion can bless our world today. Christ, the compassionate one, knows our sorrows, is acquainted with our grief and seeks to make us whole.

What courage he had! He stood one day, a lone man, before a Pharisee who complained that Jesus had not first washed his feet before he sat down to the table. Jesus rebuked him in burning words, telling him that Pharisees were in the habit of making clean the outside of the cup and neglecting the inside. He charged the Pharisees with tithing mint and rue and all manner of herbs and passing over the more important—the judgment and the love of God. He upbraided them for seeking the high seats. He turned upon the lawyers and charged them with laying burdens upon the people that they could not bear and removing from them the key of knowledge. It took courage to stand before Pharisees and lawyers powerful in their influence and eager to place a charge upon him that would bring him into the law's hands. What courage! And that, too, can help our world today.

With what consecration he lived—and died! It would have been far easier for him to lead a sheltered life. He could have passed his time in rest and quietness in Bethany. But he would not. He was God's son. He had a mission. He was under compulsion to reveal God to men. The consecration can permeate our distraught world.

"WONDERFUL, COUNSELOR"

Jesus, the Savior, is ours to receive. However we may conceive of radiance, he is more radiant. However we may comprehend love, he is greater love. However we may know devotion, he exceeds it. Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Prince of Peace. We must receive him into our lives at Christmas. We may think we have received him, but we are mistaken. The agony of the world proves that.

Occasionally rare souls have received him. In June, 1904, the "Journal des Missions Evangeliques" published an article under the title: "The Needs of the Congo Mission." The magazine fell into the hands of a young man named Albert Schweitzer. The article contained the complaint that the mission had not enough men to carry on its work in the northern province of the Congo colony. The writer sought workers "on whom the master's eye already rested." The conclusion ran: "Men and women who can reply simply to the master's call, 'Lord, I am coming,' those are the people the mission needs." The cry through the printed page found lodgment in the heart of the great theologian, musician, physician. He financed his own journey to the Congo where he was to do good untold and clothe himself with glory and honor. He had taken Jesus into his life so definitely that the only direction in which he could travel was toward Christ.

Thus one meek soul received Jesus. If only more of us could cast off our sophistication and our worldliness, receive him with simplicity and with faith establish him as the center of our lives!

The Christmas bells ring discord overhead;
The Christmas lights flash cold across the snow;
The angel-song fell silent long ago;
Nor seer, nor silly shepherd comes, star-led,
To kneel tonight beside a baby's bed.
Peace is not yet, and wrong and want and woe
Cry in the city streets, and love is slow,
And sin is sleek and swift and housed and fed.
Dear Lord, our faith is faint, our hearts are sore;
Our prayers are as complaints, our songs as cries;
Fain would we hear the angel-voice once more,
And see the Star still lead along the skies;
Fain would, like sage and simple folk of yore,
Watch where the Christ-child smiles in Mary's eyes.

The cry of the world's need rings out over the cold snows to the distant stars: "Where is the God of judgment?" The promise is ours to receive: "Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the son of the Highest."

The Ascent of Wonder

By Gaius Glenn Atkins

He called the spot Massah (Proof) because they put the Eternal to the proof by wondering whether he was among them or not. Exodus 17:7. (Moffatt's translation.)

WONDER may be so many things because there are so many things to wonder at, and among them this text. It is an enigmatic passage—a fugitive voice, heard across the millennium of perplexity and complaint—the protest of tired folk against thirst and weariness and the ways of God—"Why did you bring us out of Egypt to kill us and our cattle and our children with thirst?" "Why put the Eternal to Proof?" said Moses—and then the text. What can one do with that? Not much, I fear, either of certainty or edification if he seek only to pass behind the strangely confused and fragmentary narrative to some factual content buried now, as the routes those seekers followed are buried beneath the wind-blown dust of millenniums. But there is something in it no dust can ever bury: the capacity to wonder which is our most pregnant human faculty and the occasions for wonder in the order and experiences through which we take our pilgrim way. And this also: that upon the resolution of our wonder the issue of all our quests depends.

I

Consider first the faculty of wonder itself. The psychologist would not likely acknowledge it a faculty. It is only, he would maintain, an emotional state. He

would catalogue it in his general department of feelings of dis-ease and want of emotional poise. It is not easy, he would say, to distinguish between curiosity, surprise, astonishment, amazement and wonder since there may be an element of wonder in any one of them, and they run together as the bands of the spectrum. They are in their various degrees our reactions to the unusual, to grandeur, to the inexplicable, to whatever disturbs the little order of our familiar knowledge and habit with some incursion from regions to which our minds or spirits are as yet unhabituated or alien. We are creatures, he would add, of use and wont; and whatever disturbs, beyond our power to understand or explain, the sustaining routine of our lives, breeds in us a strange unrest. Nor can we be at peace again till the wonder, like Prospero's baseless fabric of a vision, is dissolved—or the wonder itself has become like the sun and stars, a part of our diurnal round.

All this is true enough but it is like dealing with pressed flowers whose fragrance is gone, whose colors are faded, whose leaves break and turn to dust as you touch them; or with ashes on a hearth whose fire has gone out. For wonder is a divine enduement, a spark within us of that creative fire at which the stars were kindled, singing together for joy that they were made. Without wonder no singing thing was ever made at all, nor without it would we have ever looked above the dust out of which we were shaped nor committed ourselves, ever, to any quest. We have followed many gleams and some have led us to our undoing and some have left us in the dark and some have brought us to those high tablelands "whereof our God is Sun and Moon," but without wonder we should never have followed any gleam at all.

WONDER IN NATURE

We have begun wondering, continued wondering, and will end wondering. We have wondered at running water and wind-bowed trees. We have wondered at blossoms and at birth. We have wondered at waxing and waning moons, at the slow procession of the constellations, at sunset and dawn, at the alternation of the seasons, at winter death and vernal resurrection. We have wondered at tears and pain and death—and most of all we have wondered at ourselves. We began strange to all experience, amidst an order whose simplest facts and laws were veiled with mystery. We were empowered only with the ability to stand erect, with bare hands fit to fashion and use weapons and tools, minds to shape ourselves to our world and our world to us—and wonder, the strange and creative unrest which has been at once our doom and our destiny.

How deep the roots of it, who can say? I wonder sometimes if the maple tree which my south window frames, whose slow seasonal changes have become the calendar of the passing year (as though I could count my years here in Auburn by its rings) is ever surprised or puzzled. Its branches do seem questions of dumb interrogation as they feel their way toward the dominant light; its structure registers some accommodating to the dominant winds, its balance is the resolution of many opposed strains. I know that it dreams of vanished summers, bare-branched, in November twilight. Does it ever stir with an igneous wonder at the mystery of earth and sky and chemic force out of which it has issued, to which it must return?

Animals are certainly curious; a broken stick under your foot, a strange scent down the wind and they are alert, inquiring, "frozen" or fleeing as their instinct dictates. The look in a dog's eye certainly has some dawn of wonder in it, perhaps because dogs have lived with us incalculable humans so long that they sense our uneasiness and feel in their dumb way the perplexities of our own spirits which so become the perplexities of theirs. Surely the roots of wonder are deep in all the animate world.

Wonder may be so many things—that we have said. It is confusion when some invasion of the unwonted—and, maybe, the unwanted—leaves us irresolute. It is perplexity when in a moment of imperative choice we hesitate at some fork in the road of thought or action, the signboards gone or lost in the shadows. It is the unrest of our passion for order when the comet returning from some lonely outpost of the distant skies challenges us to fit it into the steadfast processes of the spheres. It is awe upon the edge of the Grand Canyon as the sunrise pierces its shadows from above and reveals behind their retreat depths eonian walled with the colors of the walls of the New Jerusalem. It is the chorus of the Trisagian. It is the cloudless light of Dante's sempiternal rose. It is a little child reaching for its mother's arms, the lover looking into the eyes of his beloved, the saint seeking God.

It is Newton watching an apple fall and seeking through its brief descent the laws which hold the planets in their orbits. It is Franklin seeking from the lightning its secret and its kinship to the spark evoked from a cat's fur. It is Louis Pasteur asking a test-tube if life can issue from anything else but life. It is Keats discovering Chapman's Homer and thinking of dark, bearded men on a peak in Darien, all in a wonder and a wild surmise. It is Browning writing his loveliest of ascriptions to his dead wife—half-bird and all a wonder and a wild desire. All this and more is wonder.

II

Consider next how much there is to wonder at. This also I have a little indicated, but the wonder of all we have to wonder at is that the wonder of it is never exhausted. We cannot say to it as God said to the sea: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." We have never been done wondering at the starry heavens. There is no way to know what they felt who saw them before Arcturus was named. We only know that the stars have evoked in science, poetry and religion the noblest and most creative responses of which we are capable. I would rest the case for the human mind on astronomy. And the outcome of this our supremest intellectual achievement has been to interfuse our minds still more deeply with wonder. This measured immeasureless order, this constellated constancy always in flux, these luminous imponderables we weigh, this finite infinite space we believe ourselves to have reduced to the mathematician's formulae, leave us lost in a wonder compared with which the wonder of those who first saw them is the

wonder of a child at a shell while the ocean breaks unconsidered at his feet.

There is, therefore, what we may call the ascent of wonder. Its first resolution is knowledge. Johnson, who loved to make an epigram of a definition, called wonder the "effect of novelty upon ignorance" and held that "we cease to wonder at what we understand." That is as it may be, but without the urge of wonder ignorance would have been content to be ignorance. The mind may say of itself to God, as Augustine said to God of the soul, "Thou hast made me for knowledge and I am restless till I rest in understanding." Wonder has been the fountain head of all our knowledge.

We have not only put wonder to the proof by the enormous investigation and experimentation, the unbelievably long process of trial and error, which has issued in whatever tested knowledge we possess: we have put knowledge to the test by wondering, as though knowledge should say, "I am here, hid in clouds and darkness, hid also in little near and simple things. Prove me by wondering, let your curiosity finger and pry at all my crevices, let my apparent contradictions perplex you, let some foregleams of my full splendor awe you. For unless you wonder you will never find me at all. Put me to the test by wondering whether I am among you or not."

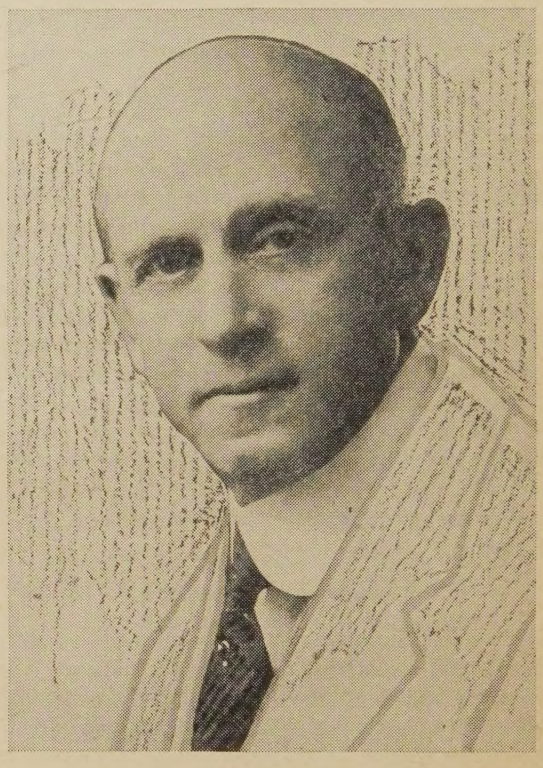
PHILOSOPHY A CHILD OF WONDER

It has on a higher level still given the impulse to all philosophy. Plato knew that and said so. When Socrates has, after his fashion, caught Theætetus in a net of contradiction, he asks the bewildered youth—"and what of that?" "I am amazed when I think of them," he answered, "and what is the meaning of them and there are times when my head quite swims with the contemplation of them." "I see, my dear Theætetus, that Theodorus had true insight into your nature when he said that you were a philosopher for wonder is the feeling of a philosopher and philosophy begins in wonder. *Iris the messenger of heaven is the child of Thaumas (wonder).*"

Here at last, and by way of Athens, we begin to come back to the text and between Socrates' last lovely sentence of timeless insight and the text itself, there is such kinship of spirit that one might protest Socrates to have read the Jahvist or he to have read Plato.

All philosophy is an attempt at the resolution of wonder, the higher wonder which seeks the integrity, the wholeness of thought, the interpretation of experience, the ultimate meaning of facts, the ends for which we may worthily live and victoriously die. If it begins in some swimming of the head, it finds deep and sustaining waters in which to swim. If it issues in some swimming of the head, that may be from the heights it has reached as well as from the occasional dizzying processes of the philosopher's mind. So much Plato says also in the most famous of passages in which he contrasts the lawyer with the philosopher—"But, O my friend, when he [the philosopher] draws the other into upper air, and gets him out of his pleas and rejoinders into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature . . . ; or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the contemplation of government and of human happiness and misery in general . . . he gives the philosopher his revenge; for dizzied by the heights . . . from which he looks into space, . . . he being dismayed and lost . . . is laughed at by every man who has not been brought up a slave." So wonder, like the wings of eagles, carries the philosopher to his heights of far vision and unfenced horizons.

So we put truth to the proof by wondering whether it is among us or not. Truth never forbids wonder, it seeks and would evoke wonder. For wonder is open-minded and teachable. It created philosophy to begin with, keeps it now vital; plays about hard, set conclusions with a fusing power, keeps the spirit of the mind alive. Plato heard some echo of the text in the



GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

streets of Athens—and unless it echoes still in every classroom, truth will be stifled and the wings of the mind be clipped.

The poet has always known that his song is the child of wonder. What he wonders at is immaterial—if he be a poet; he walks enmeshed in wonder. He may wonder at a flower in the crannied wall, at the sea breaking cold and gray on a stony beach, at ripened harvest fields or dancing daffodils or a skylark or a Grecian urn, at a plowman going home in the twilight or a singing Highland girl, at a Hamlet's indecision or a Macbeth's mad ambition, or the souls of traitors in the nether ice. No matter, to make a song of wonder is the poet's gift, and to share it with us, whose wonder needs so constantly to be rekindled, his master task. Dante heard the echoes of the text on the terraces of Purgatory.

III

Vision also is the child of wonder. Listen to Carlyle: "The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually

wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies and carried . . . the epitome of all laboratories and observatories, with their results, in his single head, is but a pair of spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have eyes look through him, then he may be useful." Here (in a parenthesis) he leaves wonder at the threshold of religion, and here is the last ascent of wonder—save one. Religion is—always has been—always will be, wonder winged to God by faith and by faith alone. I have left so long the application of the text because when wonder has reached this level it has no need to be taught any application, it has found the application of its own vision.

Religion *is* wonder winged by faith; it is also faith—winged wonder put to the test. What testing there has been in every quest to which wonder has urged us needs no telling here or anywhere, nor could it ever be told. It would be the account of all the explorations of the human mind, knocking at a thousand gates, feeling along all the barriers of seeming mystery, putting innumerable hypotheses to the proof, discarding the outworn, enlarging the too strait, surrounding the labor of a lifetime at the dictation of an insurgent fact and so gaining at a cost beyond computation what ordered knowledge we possess. And always, always the horizons of wonder have widened as we advance and in scorn of all our knowledge it has mocked and scourged us, with the mystery of the dust beneath our feet and the restlessness of our souls.

Religion knows that Augustine's restlessness is, among so many other things, the restlessness of a prophetic wonder which can never be at rest till it rests in God. There is the end—and the beginning—of all wonder. We reach that supporting certainty and there find our rest by putting God to the test. So long and so arduously by the travail of the mind. So long with so many inner rebellions by the union of our wills with the Divine Will. So long and sometimes at such a price by discovering through all the flux of experience the constancy of the Divine Comrade. All this and more, for this and this alone do we find that God is among us, and always as we wonder, test and wonder again. Surely Exodus and Plato are right. Wonder is a messenger from heaven—sent to guide us home.

IV

Nor, one may reverently say, does God forbid the wonder which questions and doubts, so long as it wonders. For thus religion, like knowledge, truth and song, has always been kept alive, summoned from the tombs of creed and formalism. There is in our wonder now, our questing perplexities, our sense of forces and grandeurs about us for which we have no record or measure, the stardust of a religion which will in time become a shining, singing order. There is in our wonder about God the potency and promise of reverences and adorations, as though God should say—"So many of the messengers I sent you have grown silent. Now I send my timeless minister. I send you wonder. I do not yet ask your creeds. Give *Me* your wonder and it shall become the greatest of *My* prophets."

Then wonder makes its last ascent. It is no longer wonder; it is awe and adoration, worship and praise. It is the tender reverence of every prayer, the overtone of every hymn; it broods in dawn and sunsets; crosses the sky with November winds; shines from the stars and looks in love from the eyes of a friend. It was with Isaiah in temples dim with the bright glory of the Eternal; it stands at the foot of the Cross and looks with the shepherds at a Babe in the manger at Bethlehem. It lifts our Christmas music to the wintry skies, it echoes along city streets or fills the valleys of quiet countrysides with the reverberation of Christmas bells—and shares anew the wonder of a Mother who kept all these things in her heart.

V

"After the tea cups were all emptied, the card containing Number Seven's abridged history of two worlds, this and the next, was handed around. This was all it held:

$$\frac{!}{?}$$

"Let the Dictator interpret it," they all said. This is what I announced as my interpretation: "Two worlds . . . separated by the thinnest of partitions. The lower world is that of questions; the upper world is that of answers. Endless doubt and unrest here below; wondering, admiring, adoring certainty above. Am I not right?" "You are right," answered Number Seven solemnly. "That is my revelation."

That is the ascent of wonder.

A Truce on Selfishness!

By George D. Allison

Love . . . seeketh not its own. I Corinthians 13:5.

"OVERCOME selfishness," said the able lawyer in our church discussion-group, "and you have solved all the problems." Christ Jesus came into the world to overcome selfishness. His way of fellowship and service meets the world's greatest need. His cross shows forever what selfishness does to love. Men will never escape the challenge of that cross.

At Christmas time we have a ten-day truce on selfishness, a remarkable flowering of the Christ-spirit. Poor, blundering, selfish humanity feels the thrill and stir of ministry to others. For a day, or a week, innumerable individuals forget their self-seeking, lay aside all the qualifications, the "if's" and "but's" that customarily spoil their professions of faith in the teachings of Jesus, and seek to serve, to share their blessings, to achieve the grace of giving. The Hundred Neediest Families are joyously underwritten by men and women challenged by the daily newspapers to imitate Jesus Christ on his birthday. Shop and office groups combine in reenacting the parable of the Good Samaritan in modern terms.

It is easy to be cynical or sad in the presence of the Christmas-shopping throngs. But not yet has the spirit of giving been commercialized to death. One glances over the shoulder of the worn and shabby woman in the department store, and sees a long and carefully budgeted "list" of thoughtful gifts. In the "Five and Ten", the

child is getting more thrill, and much more benefit, in planning the spending of his dollar for others, than in getting his handsome bicycle on Christmas morning. People who have neglected and overlooked the poor and the unemployed all the year are for a little season eager to help and willing to share. There is a moratorium on pride and cynicism, a brief open season for generosity, a truce on selfishness.

A CHALLENGE TO A NATION

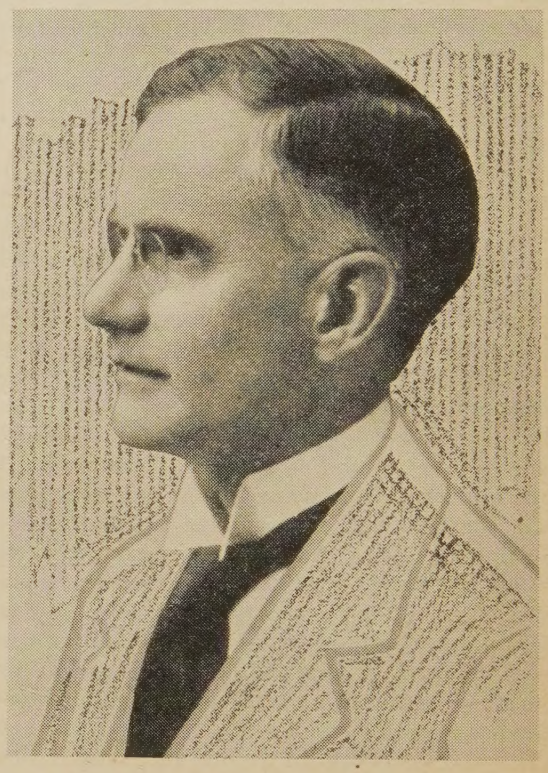
When Franklin D. Roosevelt became President, the nation was thoroughly demoralized; its banks were closed and its industries bogged down. His inaugural thrilled the country with its call for courage. Later, using a fine phrase, he asked for "a truce on selfishness." He called for cooperation in the place of cutthroat competition, for fair business practices, and a country-wide effort to increase employment, to shorten hours and to relieve distress. All agreed that unmitigated self-seeking had produced poverty in the midst of plenty. The speculative use of banking resources, the manipulation of the control of the vast goods manufactured, the worship of profit, had brought us to the very verge of social ruin. Back of all this, however, was the world war, years of hatred, mass murder, profiteering and the destruction of physical and spiritual values. We had all discovered that somehow the war, too, was due to selfishness and greed. In Scriptural phrases, the new President in his inaugural urged us to "drive the money-changers from the temple" and to discover "that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister, to ourselves and to others."

On the crest of the wave of response, there came to my hands a little book entitled "Man Proposes" by Joseph H. Appel, in which this practical and successful business man caught up Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, "a truce on selfishness." He was optimistic when he wrote, feeling the surge of hope that came from the universal visualization of the human side of our industrial and financial upheaval. From his office in a great department store in New York city he looked upon Cooper Union, where Lincoln spoke and workingmen studied; upon the Bible House, from which the printed Scriptures flow; upon the towers of Wall street to the south, and to the north upon Union square, the open forum for grievances. In his own way, as you may read for yourself, Mr. Appel made a powerful religious appeal to the nation's business, to the Christian church and to the individual citizen. He was wise enough to see that the "new deal" as such, with its concrete proposals and policies and politics, was not the crucial thing. He said: "Whether the plan succeeds or fails . . . the important thing is that we are embarking upon an Adventure that will add much to the wisdom of man in working out his problems, an advance of individual and group cooperation, as contrasted with selfish competition working through business."

POSSIBLE GAINS FOR THE FUTURE

The business world's "truce on selfishness" was soon over. Every man agreed that the other fellow needed to amend his ways, but not so many were willing to change their own. The moment the Supreme Court found the N.R.A. unconstitutional, hundreds of thousands of workers found their hours of toil again increased, or their wages lowered, or both. A multitude were again turned off into unemployment.

Regardless of our conflicting opinions on the present administration, great permanent gains in unselfishness may yet be conserved. It is still possible to abolish child labor permanently by an amendment giving congress power to legislate on this national evil. Never again will old age be so completely neglected. Unemployment will remain a national concern, not simply a local and private affair. Increments of abiding worth are sure to remain, unless we give ourselves utterly to worldliness and greed.



GEORGE D. ALLISON

America is rethinking economics. Shall we ever again be so unchristian as to believe that the collected selfishness of all individuals will work out the common weal? But what unselfish sacrifice we need, with ten millions still unemployed, with mass poverty on a scale never before witnessed in the United States! Let us, at this Christmastide, take seriously the principles of religion as we face the resurgence of greed and fear. Let us press hard the war on selfishness.

THE PLEA TO THE INDIVIDUAL

Alas, each of us feels so powerless, so weak and small in the huge and complex world of today! "What can I do that will count?" There is one great, fundamental thing that each can do. That is, we can declare a truce on selfishness in our own lives, and in every relationship we sustain to others, at work, in the home, in the community life. We can endeavor to put the Golden Rule into our business lives, we can be considerate of others' needs as we determine upon our household

budgets and as we carry on our social and political conversations. Apply now the test of Jesus in the Parable of the Last Judgment—"Do you care?" As Vera Britain wrote at the close of her poignant "Testament of Youth"—"No life is really private, or isolated, or self-sufficient, since man's inventions have eliminated so much of distance and time; for better, for worse, we are now each of us part of the surge and swell of great economic and political movements, and whatever we do as individuals or as nations deeply affects everyone else."

On the birthdays of great men the newspapers estimate anew their lives, their character, their influence. So we reestablish each year the message and the worth of the Man of Nazareth, the influence of his life and death on human destiny. How humble and brief an episode, how enduring and tremendous the outcome! Alone, each Christian is so small and obscure, yet we are the continuance of the Incarnation! The Jerusalem conference epitomized the Christian gospel in the phrase, "What Jesus was and what we may become." Each may share the vision of the kingdom of God, experience it already in his own heart, and know by the fellowship of kindred minds that already the kingdom of God is among us.

That experience, multiplied on every hand, is the leaven at work in all the distracted and perplexed lands of earth.

A CALL TO THE CHURCH

A truce on selfishness, friend. Renounce your unearned gains, your personal indulgences, your narrowness of outlook upon this nation and the world.

The church is sadly concerned with her own prestige, numbers and financial problems. She must learn to forget herself and gaze through the eyes of the all-compassionate Christ upon a stricken world. She is tithing the mint, anise and cummin of sectarian denominationalism and individualistic piety, and failing to face the greater issues of economic justice, social mercy and political faith. She is estopped by her special privileges from registering her mighty impact upon the selfishness of the world. She is afraid at Christmas time to sing the song of Mary:

> He hath put down the mighty from their seats,
> And exalted them of low degree;
> He hath filled the hungry with good things,
> And the rich hath he sent empty away.

Just as on Armistice day we recognized that "armistice" is by definition a temporary cessation of hostilities, while we seek a real and lasting peace; so at Christmas, we see in many hearts and many social groups a temporary truce on selfishness. But we yearn for a universal Christmas, an enduring altruism, a Good Will not for a day but for all the days. Undiscouraged we pray once more for divine help as we seek to embody our dreams in life, exclaiming with that prophetic Christian poet, Vachel Lindsay:

> This is our faith tremendous—
> Our wild hope who shall scorn,
> That in the name of Jesus
> The world shall be reborn.

The Task of Forgetting

By Charles F. Wishart

Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Philippians 3:13, 14.

SOMEHOW these words do not sound like the typical Paul. Forgetting is a negative virtue, and he was very, very positive in everything that he said or did. In fact, he is habitually and consistently calling upon people to remember something. "Remember Jesus Christ." "Remember my bonds." "Remember the poor." "Remember that there was a time when you were aliens and strangers to the Kingdom of God." "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus in which he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." As for himself, there were some experiences of his life which he could never forget. That two weeks which he spent in Jerusalem before his ministry began, checking over the proofs of the resurrection with his keen lawyer's mind—he would never forget that. All he ever preached in the later years was based on the remembrance of this visit. The Christianity which he proclaimed and organized is essentially an historical religion based on the memory of certain events which took place in Galilee nineteen hundred years ago. And that great scene by the Damascus gate, when the blinding light smote him and when the kindly, tender voice pierced his heart saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" was photographed forever on his soul. How could the memory of such an experience ever fade out? And what, therefore, does this man mean when he says, "Forgetting the things that are behind"?

REMEMBERING INVOLVES FORGETTING

To understand the paradox, we must realize that in a very deep sense every act of remembering involves, also, an act of forgetting. Dr. Hutton, the great English preacher, who has suggested for me the title of this meditation, quotes a saying of Bergson: "It is the function of the brain to enable us not to remember but to forget." That is to say, it is the function of the brain to enable us to lay hold upon a definite thought by inhibiting all other thoughts. If you cannot shut off or lay hold upon ideas pretty much at will, you are not a strong and balanced thinker. In moments of physical weariness or depression, when we are under par through ill health, we lose the power to shut off thoughts, we lose the power to forget, and ideas that we ought to inhibit do not wait for us to lay hold upon them; they lay hold upon us and rise up under the whip and spur, and then, God help us, we have an obsession, an *idée fixée,* and the downward track from a fixed idea to a padded cell is not so long as one might think.

No, the function of the brain is to enable us to remember something by forgetting something else. In one sense I suppose we never forget anything. But in the sense of recollection, of bringing back old memories, you have a twofold process. You have a process by which you lay

hold upon this one particular thing which you want to recall and, by the same token, you inhibit and shut off the other memories which crowd in upon you. In a very deep sense recollection is selective, like the switchman in the tower who controls the tracks leading into the Grand Central station. If he lets a train in on track No. 10, the same act which opens that switch automatically closes every other track. When, therefore, Paul talks about forgetting things, it is entirely consistent with his talk about remembering things. He means to forget in order that he may remember. He means to select out of the experiences of the past the things that are worth while, and in that process of selection to banish from the mind the things that are not worth while.

Is it not a curious thing to urge upon you the great task of forgetting? No, it is rather to emphasize this supreme principle—that you can only regain in memory the things that were worth while as you blot out things that are not worth while. You may only keep the fine gold as you eliminate the dross. I have known people who seemed to have their memories so filled with the petty and the inconsequential and the unworthy experiences of the past that they had entirely missed the great, beautiful and enriching memories. Let me illustrate from my own college experiences. I knew a man who, every time I met him for years after his graduation, told me of how a misguided professor had mixed up his grades with the grades of another man with a similar name and had thereby unjustly, wickedly and wantonly deprived him of certain college honors. He had filled his mind with that grievance until all the fine and inspiring college memories were blotted out. I know of another man who carried a bitter grudge through his entire life because he had once failed a Greek examination. It was doubtless very unfortunate, and perhaps the professor was blameworthy, but was it worth while for a grown man to load his memory with that lifelong grudge? In contrast with this I happen to know that a trustee of one of our Ohio colleges, a man of national and international reputation, was expelled from that institution —"kicked out," to use the euphonious campus phraseology—and proved a big enough man to realize that this discipline had been the making of him, and has come back to put his time and money into the building up of his Alma Mater.

FOR A MORATORIUM ON MEMORIES

Sometimes, on the other hand, the failure to forget becomes the sin of the professor as well as the sin of the student. I have known of men who were capable of making a tremendous success in life, yet to whom recognition has been either withheld or grudgingly given because some member of a committee could not forget a minor flaw in the campus records. It's not a bad thing, all around, to make college anniversary occasions times of good, honest, judicious forgetting on both sides. And if the friends of the day gone by will kindly allow some administrative errors to drop into oblivion, I, on my part, will strive to forget how one of our most noted Christian workers stole the Lincoln statue from its pedestal and placed it on the verandah of a woman's dormitory. Perhaps it might be well to establish a sort of anniversary day in which we would pledge ourselves to a mutual moratorium on certain memories. As the soul leaves behind it the dull tenement house of clay, so we, who aspire to be cultured men and women, with free spirits and aspirations toward the eternal life that lies beyond, should leave behind us all malice and all evil speaking and all guile and all hypocrisy and every foul and unfruitful memory to the friendly oblivion of the forgotten past. As Robert Browning sings:

> Good, to forgive;
> Best, to forget!
> Living, we fret;
> Dying, we live.
> Fretless and free,
> Soul, clap thy pinion!
> Earth have dominion,
> Body, o'er thee!

THE NIGHTMARES OF WAR

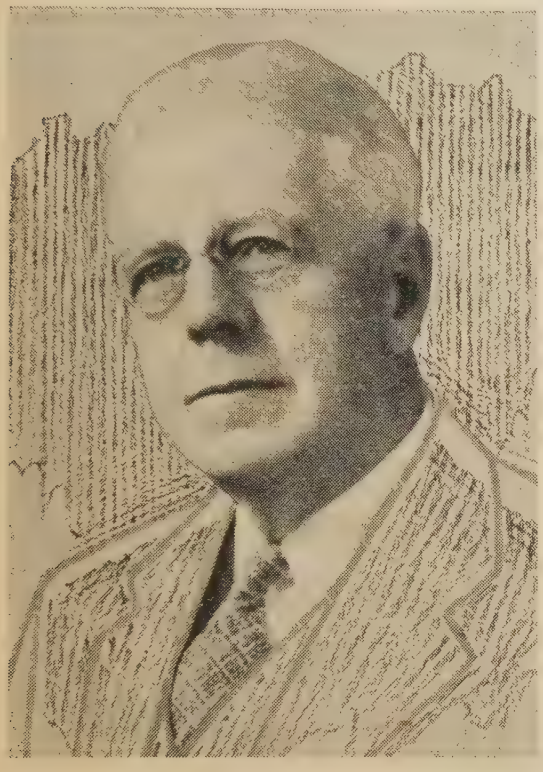
You may ask, and rightly, whether there is any principle by which we may determine what to forget and what to recall out of the past. I think Paul gives us this principle in the words that follow my text. These words are both psychologically sound and practically valuable. "Reaching forth unto the things that are before." This is your guiding principle. Let us recall out of the past everything that will help us toward the goal of a glorious future, remember everything that will speed us onward. Let us forget everything which would mar or interfere with our progress toward that great goal. It is, in effect, the principle of evolution. It is the law of growth through sloughing off everything which is not essential to the forward progress of the organism. It is, thus, the great law by which life goes on.

> Leave thy low-vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou, at length, art free,
> Leaving thine outworn shell by life's unresting sea!

What a great day it would be for the world if the nations' statesmen should get together and declare a moratorium on the memories which are even now threatening the future peace of the world, and pledge themselves to stimulate and conserve those memories which would assist in the great task of evolving a new world in which faith and friendship would take the place of fear and force. Nations are driven into preparedness—and, make no mistake, preparedness carried to a certain point almost inevitably means war—by unhappy memories which they cannot or will not forget. France could not blot out the memory of 1871 when Kaiser Wilhelm I came up to Paris and dictated terms of peace at the point of the bayonet. And from that time on in the Place de la Concorde the statues that represented Alsace and Lorraine were swathed in black; symbols of mourning; symbols, too, of revenge. Hitler exercises his power today largely because the German mind cannot forget, but broods over the outrage of the Versailles treaty.

I saw in motion picture the other day the figure of Mrs. Bergdoll, with her little babies about her, plead-

ing for the return of her husband who fled to Germany during the World War that he might escape fighting service. Then there appeared the stern figure of an American legionnaire denouncing the idea of any clemency to the man who would not fight in 1917. Somehow when I looked at those little babies I felt like saying to the legionnaire, "Forget it." We remember the horror of the Lusitania, and they remember the little German babies who died of starvation through the Allied blockade. Japan cannot forget the deliberate insult which this country offered to the pride of a sensitive nation when, by immigration laws, we segregated her from treatment offered other nations, and all for the sake of keeping perhaps 150 inoffensive Japanese out



Charles F. Wishart

of this country. I fear she will have more morbid memories when the story of our naval maneuvers at the front doorstep of that proud country has been written. Spain cannot forget Mr. William Randolph Hearst's private war in the year 1898. We shouted, "Remember the Maine!" and how we are trying to forget it! In the light of impartial investigation, perhaps it is just as well that we should.

What I am trying to say is that these bitter memories, rankling in the minds of men and women stirred to fever heat by so-called patriotic propaganda, furnishes the stuff out of which wars are made. How much better if we might learn deliberately to blot out the foolish mistakes, the inflated egotistic nationalism, the crude blunders of the days gone by. Two years ago I was entertained in Glasgow at the home of a gentleman who had been a general in the British army during the World War. He was a good deal of a pacifist, by the way. But the thing that amazed me was that this man did not even know that we had had a war with England in 1812. It rather hurt my pride. Perhaps it was because England has had so many wars that this little two-by-four affair did not linger in his memory. But I somehow thought it might be a very good thing, an example which Mr. Hearst and ex-Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, might well emulate—to forget that we have ever had any wars with Great Britain.

I shall never forget one afternoon in the city of Berlin. It was raining, the streets were crowded with some political procession, and I found myself ill, suffering, and alone in a far-out suburb, away from street car or taxi, and with nobody in sight who could speak a word of English. Taking a chance at the door of a little German home, I was received with beautiful kindness; by and by, an English-German dictionary was produced and the good people made out at last that I wanted to get a taxi. They put themselves out to secure one for me; they offered me refreshments, a cup of coffee —it wasn't a "cup of cold water," but it meant the same thing that the Master was talking about. The memory of that kindly, gracious German home is what I want to keep in my mind and to forget some of the foolish things that were said and done on both sides in 1918. I think the Christian church, in its far-flung international fellowships, could do a good deal to develop a moratorium on memory and hasten a day when

> Each Christian nation shall take upon her
> The law of the Christian man in vast;
> When the crown of the getter shall fall to the donor,
> When the last shall be first, and the first shall be last,
> And to love best shall still be to reign unsurpassed.

TOWARD AN INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP

For that matter, it might hasten the Kingdom of God if the churches could only be induced to declare a memory moratorium for themselves. We have glorious songs about the faith of our fathers, songs which we do well to cherish. But why should we perpetuate the theological quarrels of three centuries ago? Why should we accuse each other of disloyalty to the faith because somebody does not cross the "t" and dot the "i" exactly in the same place that some iron-bound logician in Scotland did in the 17th century? Why continue the quaint old sport of heresy hunting because some poetic soul does not express his Christian belief in a rigorous set of Scotch-Irish definitions, and forget that in the Master's view the real heretic was the man who showed the nasty, implacable, hard spirit of the heresy hunter? "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema"; that is, let him be the heretic. Moreover, there is a certain ironical sadness about the fact that in this country north and south are pretty well reunited except in respect to churches. Still we have a Northern Presbyterian church with missions in South China, and a Southern Presbyterian church with missions in North China. Isn't it about time to forget some of the inflamed and reckless theological pre-war oratory on both sides of the Mason and Dixon line?

Thus far my path has been easy. It is a comparatively simple thing to lay down the duties and responsibilities of the nation and even of the church-at-large. In fact, it does not seem to take very great mental caliber to lay down the general principles by which the Almighty

should run the cosmos, for we have a number of relatively limited intellects now engaged in that task. The really difficult part of this thought consists in a faithful personal application. I have always greatly admired the oratory of the man Amos—you will read about him in a book called the Old Testament—for he had the supreme rhetorical knack of getting his auditors well warmed up by hammering at the sins of far distant peoples, and then gradually bringing the matter home to an intensely local application. If you will study the sermons of Amos, you will see that he takes nearly two chapters in dealing with foreign peoples before he asks his auditors to face a personal application of his thought. Let us, in imitation of his art, turn from the general to the particular, from the cosmos to the campus, from the nation to the dormitory section, from the church universal to the church member individually.

THE HARD TASK OF FORGIVING

I propose, for each of us, a memory moratorium on the wrongs which have been done to us. That is not easy. When I think of rudeness and cruelty and injustice which have sometimes come to me; when I think of how I have been occasionally misunderstood and misquoted, my utterances deliberately garbled; when I think of the nasty things that were said to me and go back over them to recall what a crushing comeback I could have made if I had only thought of it in time; when I think of the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely, it is not easy to forget the things that are behind.

Nor must the Christian doctrine of forgiveness be interpreted in any namby-pamby fashion. If somebody wrongs you, you would be very foolish, indeed, deliberately to put yourself in the way of being wronged in the same fashion again and again. To ignore an outrage or insult once would be Christian magnanimity. But meekly to come back for repeated doses of the same bitter medicine would be inexcusable insanity. We are not to suppose that the memory of past wrongs done to us should be so completely eliminated that we should have no wise guidance to safeguard ourselves from similar wrongs in the future. But this much we are bound to do: "Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and railing be put away from you with all malice, and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving each other, even as God also, in Christ, forgave you." That is the rule for a Christian. Do you remember in the play, "Smilin' Thru," how the two blessed spirits in glory are talking about the old man who could not forget his hatred for one who had wronged him.

> Sarah. (looking through the gate). He looks such a kind old man.
>
> Mary. He is—at heart—He just hasn't learned how to vanquish hate—It takes them so long to learn that—their little human worries and troubles and sorrows are so *real* to them—
>
> Sarah. (smiling). I can remember how real mine seemed to *me*—
>
> Mary. So do children's sorrows, *seem* real when they lose their marbles, or break their toys—If only these poor grown-up children could learn to know that their marbles cannot be lost, nor their toys broken—

But now we come into an even more difficult country where the going becomes harder and harder. What about the great task of forgetting the wrongs that we have done to others? Aye, there's the rub. I sometimes think that the worst form of hatred is that which people bear toward others when they know, down in their hearts, that they have wronged them. In Browning's "Ring and the Book," Count Guido hated his innocent wife, Pompillia, more bitterly because she was innocent, and because he knew that he had wrought incalcuable wrong to that innocence. In lesser degree, but by the same principle, we find it hard to blot out the memory of our own sins. That terrible category of lost opportunities! The good we might have done—but which, through laziness or carelessness or selfishness, we neglected!

There is a Chinese proverb which says: "Three things come not back: the spoken word, the spent arrow, and the lost opportunity." Well, there is nothing to do about that except to forget it, and to carry only such memory of a lost opportunity as will enable us to be on the alert for the next one. Peter and James and John slept through the supreme crisis of the world's history while their Master was struggling with sin and death in the Garden of Gethsemane. That chance was gone forever. That hour could never be lived over again. Sadly the Master spoke: "Sleep on now, and take your rest." But then he added, almost immediately: "Rise, let us be going." Forget the old failure, and face up to the new opportunity!

There are those who say: "My bitter memories are not only of neglect of the good undone that I might have done. My bitter memory is more of the actual evil which I have wrought to others, for hatreds or malice or slander, for cruelty and injustice to one of God's creatures. How about that? How, I pray you, is one to forget these things?"

> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?

Well, as I interpret the spirit of Jesus in the New Testament, his answer would be, first, restitution, if possible. If by word or deed you can make matters better, then in God's name say the word or do the deed. If no direct restitution is possible, then make that sin the basis of a high resolve to make indirect restitution by kindly, unselfish devotion to God and fellowman. And then, in his name, forget it.

GOD THE GREAT FORGETTER

This brings me to the very heart and center of our thought. How are you to forget it? Why, by committing your life in surrender to God because God is the great Forgetter. "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgression for mine own sake, and I will not remember thy sin." "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgression, and, as a cloud, thy sin; return unto me for I have redeemed thee." "Behold, it was for my peace that I have great bitterness, but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption for

thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." I think it was Mr. Moody who used to say that God had put my sins not only where I couldn't see them, but had put them where he couldn't see them. God is a great forgetter. And the whole heart and sum and center of the gospel of Christ is that the Almighty comes to you and me and says, "Forgetting the things that are behind."

In Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," the good old Bishop had not only forgiven Jean Valjean but protected him from the vengeance of the law, had given him his richest treasure. Jean Valjean looked as if he were on the point of fainting; the Bishop walked up to him and said in a low voice:

> "Never forget that you have promised me to use this money to become an honest man."
>
> Jean Valjean, who had no recollection of having promised anything, stood silent. The Bishop, who had laid a stress on these words, continued solemnly:
>
> "Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul of you. I withdraw it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it to God."

JESUS, THE RESTORER OF SOULS

Thus, through the forgiving love of God there is opened up the way by which we may select out of our memories only those factors which enter into a constructive future. Psychologists tell me that the normal and healthy person tends naturally to retain out of the past only pleasant memories and to obliterate unpleasant ones. If any of us have lost that healthy capacity, Jesus, the Savior of men, restores the soul, brings it back to that normal, healthy condition when it remembers the things that are true and beautiful and good, and when all the rest—the pangs of nature, sins of will, defects of doubt, and taints of blood—are cast into the sea of oblivion.

And do you not see what this means? Do you not realize that thus memory fuses all the best of the past into the anticipation of the future, that instead of looking backward for the good times and the good friendships and the glorious associations that made life beautiful in the dear, dead days beyond recall, you are to look forward to them! That as God lives, what is excellent is permanent; and that by forgetting the things that are behind which were inconsequential and trifling and petty and mean, and by remembering only those things which have eternal value, we take up out of that past its permanent value and transmute it into the glory that is yet to be revealed.

Rest Where You Are

WHEN spurred by tasks unceasing or undone
You would seek rest afar
And cannot, though the rest be fairly won,
Rest where you are.

Not in event, restriction, or release,
In journeys near or far,
But in the heart lies restlessness or peace,
Rest where you are.

CHARLES POOLE CLEAVES.

Staying Serene in a Distracted World

BY JAMES GORDON GILKEY

Peace I leave with you. John 14:27.

ONE of our magazines recently published an amusing poem entitled "Employment Blues." According to the editor, the poem was written by a relief worker who has been thoroughly exhausted by the task of keeping pace with successive government projects, transferring individuals from one relief-agency to another, and meantime supplying a hundred unemployed families with daily rations. One night, after fifteen consecutive hours of work, this woman penned these words:

> Pity, my friend, the poor employed,
> Who, though by early hours annoyed,
> Must still rise daily with the lark
> To give the unemployed their pork.
>
> Replete with beans and lollypopkins
> From dear old Santa Harry Hopkins,
> The unemployed may lie at ease
> While those with jobs go out and freeze!
>
> At midnight when they're snug in bed
> This poor employed goes home half dead,
> And on a couch her corpse is flung—
> Unwashed, unpowdered, and unstrung.

Those quaint lines suggest the predicament in which numberless individuals in the so-called privileged class now find themselves. They may not be unwashed and unpowdered, but they certainly are unstrung—unstrung by overwork, anxiety, disappointment and uncertainty. In every factory and every store, every bank and every school, these harassed and overburdened individuals can be found. On every street and in every public gathering their tired faces can be seen. How can these men and women gain a measure of inward quietness? What is the secret of staying serene in our distracted world?

The obvious solution of the problem lies, of course, in a change in the individual's external situation. Let the relief worker find a less exhausting job, let Mr. Jones's factory begin to sell its product, let Mrs. Smith find a purchaser for her summer cottage, and let the White family receive the dividends which have been due for five years, and all will be well. Curiously enough, these dramatic deliverances do occur—at least occasionally. Every minister, every doctor, every social worker can quote instances. It may be that your difficulties and mine will be presently obliterated in this unexpected fashion. To forget that the unexpected has happened, does happen, and may happen tomorrow, is to overlook one of the most obvious facts in human experience. But suppose no such fortunate deliverance comes. Suppose the weeks ahead prove to be what they now promise to be—anxious, confused and exhausting. How can you and I, meeting life at its worst, still gain and keep inward peace?

The secret lies, as thousands of our predecessors have discovered, in the discipline and development of one's

own inner life. Let a man gain through command of his thoughts and his emotions, let him build certain mental and spiritual habits, let him win certain convictions about life and his part of it, and the outside world—however tragic it may prove—will slowly lose its power over him. Jesus obviously knew this secret of triumph over circumstance. In the centuries since his time thousands of other people have found this same path to victory. Consider these exquisite lines, written three hundred years ago by a little-known poet in England:

Seek no more abroad, say I,
House and home, but turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast—
There alone dwells solid rest.
Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall:
In a cleanly, sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.
There Content makes its abode
With thyself and with thy God,
There in this sweet privacy
May'st thou with thyself agree,
And keep house in peace—though all
The universe's fabric fall.

I

Suppose you and I covet that victory. What are the first and most obvious steps in the discipline and development of the inner self? Let us begin our effort by learning to hold our attention on the things which we still have, rather than on the things which are now lost.

Just now many people are reversing this rule, and are reminding themselves constantly of the things which are no longer theirs. Day after day they count up the money they have lost since 1929—the bonds which have defaulted, the stocks which have proved worthless, the dividends which have never been paid, the real estate for which there is not even an offer, and the successive salary cuts which now form such a colossal aggregate. Day after day they think bitterly of the home which they were compelled to relinquish, the insurance policies which they were forced to abandon. Day after day they remind themselves that their years are slipping by, that their youth is demonstrably past, and that their juvenile charms—such as they were—are now matters of ancient history. Everything gone . . . and what happens to the inner life of individuals who thus focus their attention on their losses? Invariably their inner life is shadowed by a fatal darkness—the darkness of regret, protest, self-distrust, and finally abject fear. If you have the habit of counting your losses, focusing your attention on the things which are no longer yours, you can never gain serenity of spirit. Only as you break that habit, only as you deliberately reverse your customary procedure, can you win the peace you crave.

Suppose you agree to drop the past and try to live, confidently and courageously, in the present. As a matter of actual fact, are there fine things which still belong to you? Think of your physical and mental health. There are thousands of people who would give everything they possess to enjoy, even for a little while, the steady flow of energy which you so coolly take for granted. Think of your education and your experience. No crash in Wall street, no succession of disasters, no enforced bankruptcy can ever take either from you. Think of your friends, of the people you helped in happier days, of the children who still regard you as their ideal. There are treasures which are beyond the reach of any depression. And you say your youth is past, that you are now too old to accomplish anything? Stop looking so enviously at the people who are younger than you are. Look for a while at your contemporaries, and at the people who are even older than you are. Whether you feel old or young depends mainly on the group with which you habitually compare yourself. Nothing fine left in your possession? But there are a dozen fine things! Put your thought on them. Hold your thought on them. Slowly your inner life will change. Gradually the quietness and confidence you crave will come to you.

"You toil in an attic the whole day long
For pitiful fire and bread,
Yet the joy in your heart slips out in a song . . ."
"I look at the sky," she said.

"Pain is your comrade, and Want your guest,
They sit by your board and your bed,
Yet you laugh as you work, with a child's gay zest . . ."
"I see birds on my roof," she said.

"Never a lover is yours to kiss,
Never a child to tend,
Yet your eyes are alight with unfading bliss . . ."
"God," she said, "is my friend."

II

If we want inward quietness we should also remind ourselves that each new day will bring us new resources as well as new problems. Here again many people are reversing the process and reminding themselves of their successive burdens rather than their successive resources. Such individuals look ahead to the coming week, and what is it they see? Monday's heavy responsibilities, Tuesday's bewildering problems, Wednesday's presumable disaster, and after that a row of hardships and difficulties climbing over the horizon like an army of hostile soldiers moving forward for an attack. Can a person with such mental habits ever win self-confidence, assurance, emotional poise? Not possibly! He is forever suggesting to himself problems, hardships, burdens, potential defeats; and these reiterated suggestions invariably sap his strength and undermine his courage. What thought should he keep in the focus of his attention? The thought of the successive resources which will emerge within his life as each new day dawns.

Heavy responsibilities tomorrow? Yes: but when Monday brings those burdens Monday will also bring a new supply of physical strength. Bewildering problems on Tuesday? Yes: but the moment the problems make their appearance the mind's pace will quicken automatically. A presumable disaster on Wednesday? Maybe: but if the disaster should materialize, the fighting spirit within the heart would also materialize, and the man's very self would change to meet a changed situation. "As thy days, so shall thy *strength* be." All too often we alter the words and make them read, "As thy days, so shall thy *burdens* be." From the perverted

version of the text flows a sense of inadequacy and fear. From the true version flow assurance, hope and unfailing poise.

This thought of the new resources constantly emerging within us gives the clue to the modern conception of God's help. Most of us can no longer believe that God moves here and there, interrupting the normal course of external events for the benefit of hard-pressed human favorites. That belief arose in an ancient society which knew little about the processes of nature, and which never even glimpsed the fact that nature's operations are relentless and inevitable. That belief—belief in a God who is forever performing miracles in the external world—can win no place in the observant, well-

James Gordon Gilkey

informed society of today. But as the ancient picture of God's help has faded, a new and far truer picture has been sketched in its place. We now think of God as the ultimate source of that strength which is constantly emerging in human hearts, giving men courage to try again and waking within their minds the hope of an ultimate victory. You and I try to face life quietly and bravely, we try to live persistently on our own highest level, we summon all our existing resources of endurance and faith and insight, and then we ask God for help.

What happens? Our external situation remains exactly what it was before we prayed, but deep within our mind and heart new resources disclose themselves. We find welling up within us a new strength, a new courage, a new insight, a new self-confidence. Here is God's activity, showing itself not in spectacular changes in the realm of nature but in the quiet renewing of the human soul.

One sank outwearied in a swollen flood,
The black, cold water hurled him toward the sea;
But in his heart a succoring Strength withstood
The gulfing waves, and bore him mightily
Unto the haven where he sought to be.

One walked at midnight in a storm-swept land,
His breast against the blast, his feet astray;
But from the darkness came an unseen Hand
That stayed his mind, and turned him on his way
Safe-guided to the border-lands of day.

One wept alone beside a crumbling tomb,
Desolate as the cold, forgotten dead;
But Footsteps paused beside him in the gloom
And a Hand waited, resting on his head.
Words cannot utter what that Presence said!

So, passing by, God moves across the lands
Through field and desert, mart and shrine and street;
The hungry and the weary kiss His hands,
The lonely and forsaken clasp His feet,
And at His touch our bitter Earth grows sweet!

III

A third step in the acquisition of serenity is this. We must remind ourselves constantly of our extraordinary capacity for adjustment. Suppose, in the halcyon days of 1929, someone had acquired the gift of prophecy and had told us exactly what the next five years would bring. Suppose, on a bright September Sunday that fall, he had described the disappearance of supposedly secure fortunes, the emergence of utterly unexpected personal and community problems, and the fantastic expansion of the need for public relief. Had we heard those prophecies all of us would have smiled, shrugged our shoulders, and then said: "If such disasters actually overtook us and our city, we would never survive. Our city would collapse, and all of us would go to pieces. Civic organizations and human nerves could never stand such a strain." Well, the five incredible years have come and gone . . . and we are still here. Our city has survived, and we have survived. What is more, most of us are still hopeful, still confident, still eager to match our wits and our endurance against the tragic play of circumstance.

Why have we come through? Because there is within us all, bred deep into the very structure of our being, a phenomenal capacity for adjustment. It has come down to us from literally millions of human and subhuman ancestors. It has shown itself whenever great crises have come upon our race and threatened instant destruction. It is disclosing itself today in numberless hearts, as men who once were rich are compelled to endure poverty, and as women who once anticipated a life of unbroken comfort are compelled to endure cruel hardship. You want quietness, poise, assurance? Remind yourself every day that, no matter what may happen to you, you have within yourself the power to adjust to any new situation, whatever it may be. Hold that thought steadily in your mind, and never let it go. Presently you will find within yourself the peace which the world can never give, and which all the hardships in the world can never wholly drive away.

In April, 1854—eighty years ago last year—one

of our noblest American poets was born in Oregon. As a child he lived through the confusion and agony of the Civil War, as a young man he witnessed the colossal growth and development of the far west, just after his sixtieth birthday he saw the World War begin to wreck the modern world, and now as his eightieth year unfolds he finds America moving forward toward an essentially new social, political, and economic order. Can a human personality adapt itself to all those changes? Can a man, when he is past eighty, still make adjustments? Listen to the lines Edwin Markham published last year:

I am done with the years that were, I am quits,
I am done with the dead and old!
They are mines worked out, I delved in their pits,
I have saved their grain of gold.
Now I turn to the future for wine and bread,
I have bidden the past adieu,
I laugh, and lift hands to the years ahead:
"Come on! I am ready for you!"

There is the measure of our power to adjust. Whatever the future may bring, however old and tired we may become, we are more than a match for circumstance. We can face life, whatever life brings, with serenity and confidence.

IV

But the quest for quietness finally takes us beyond these relatively simple self-disciplines. It brings us, as multitudes of thoughtful people have discovered, to the problem of finding an interpretation for life-as-a-whole. What does the vast scheme-of-things mean, or has it no meaning at all? On a man's answer to that question depends, to a surprising extent, his inward composure, his peace of mind.

For people like ourselves the choice today seems to lie between two and only two theories. According to the first, our universe and all the living forms which have emerged within it are the results of sheer chance. Millions of years ago a great star happened to pass near the Sun, and happened to draw out of the Sun a mass of flaming matter. That flaming matter eventually cooled and became our Earth. On the Earth a series of evolutionary developments happened to begin, and finally led up to the emergence of living forms. One of those forms was Man, and from the intermingled life-streams of millions of vanished forbears the human beings now present on the Earth have sprung. Eventually all of us will vanish as our predecessors vanished, leaving behind a new generation to occupy the hovels and the palaces, and to struggle with the age-old problem of organizing a happy society. Here is the interpretation of life made by multitudes of our contemporaries. Sometimes the interpretation is clearly formulated in the mind of the man who holds it: sometimes it is only vaguely sensed. But there the theory is, placing chance at the center of everything.

Over against that interpretation we liberal Protestants place one which is radically different in its implications. We too believe that our Earth originally emerged from the Sun, and we too believe that the living forms now evident upon it are the products of an infinitely long, slow process of evolution. But behind all these developments we believe there stands a God of wisdom, power and love. We are convinced that he conceived and planned the universe, that he deliberately set in motion the forces which called it into being, and that we human creatures are the objects of his interest, his thought, and his care. Granted there are dozens of questions we cannot answer, scores of puzzling situations we cannot explain. To us a living, loving God is the central fact of the universe: the source of the elements of order and beauty and intelligence we find within it, and the guarantor of a wise and kindly destiny unfolding before us all. For the modern skeptic, chance is the ultimate and controlling reality. For Christians like ourselves, the ultimate and controlling reality is a living, loving God. There are the alternative interpretations of life now offered us. Between them we must—deliberately or unconsciously—choose.

Suppose a man studies the Christian interpretation of life until he understands not only its content but also the basis in reason on which it rests. Suppose he deliberately exposes himself to the influences, the ideas, and the personalities which keep that interpretation fresh and vivid in his mind. Suppose he seeks, through thought and prayer and worship, to come in contact with that Greater Life which—according to the Christian belief—permeates our universe. What will finally happen? Listen to the memorable confession made by a woman of our own time.

I stay myself on Him who stays
Ever the same through nights and days;
The One Unchangeable for aye,
That was and will be, the One Stay

O'er whom eternity will pass
But as an image in a glass;
To whom a million years are naught—
I stay myself on that great thought.

I stay myself on this great quiet
After the noises and the riot,
And in a garnished chamber sit
Far from the tumult of the street.

O wheel of Time, turn round apace!
I now have found a resting-place:
You will not trouble me again
In the great peace where I remain.

You want quietness of spirit? O share with us the Christian view of life, the faith which Jesus gave the world! "The Spirit and the Bride say: Come. And let him that heareth say: Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely!"

A Knight of Bethlehem

THERE was a Knight of Bethlehem whose wealth
was tears and sorrows;
His Men-at-arms were little lambs, His Trumpeters
were sparrows;
His castle was a wooden cross, whereon He hung so
high;
His helmet was a crown of thorns, whose crest did
touch the sky.

HENRY NEVILLE MAUGHAN.

Facing a New Year

By James E. Freeman

A NEW deal in American life must contemplate something more than the stabilization of the economic and industrial order, else the tragic lessons of the period of depression will be lost to us. Legislation plays its important place in shaping the destiny of the Republic, but it does not and cannot determine the moral character of a people. "The government of a people never gets ahead of the religion of the people," said the late Calvin Coolidge. He was simply confirming the judgment of history, more particularly the history of our own country. Every right-minded, loyal citizen has been compelled to think more seriously in these recent years of those things that are indispensable to the security and happiness of our people.

In reckoning the elements that contribute to these ends we are bound to consider moral and spiritual values and the institutions that represent them. Even those who make no profession of religion and recite no creed concede that society is held together and safeguarded against disaster and disintegration by strong moral principles and religious sanctions. We of America in particular have repeatedly affirmed this. As we are now attempting, through extraordinary measures, to set our house in order, we must give serious heed to the essential place God and religion occupy in our conception of well-ordered government. In the face of all our apostasy and our reputation for commercial cleverness and mechanical ingenuity we are faced with the fact that the lowered moral tone of our nation is a large and contributing factor in the long-continued and disastrous depression.

WHEN MORAL STANDARDS GO

Loss of confidence springs out of a loss of respect for moral standards. Panics grow out of suspicions engendered by the feeling that something is fundamentally wrong in our corporate life and that moral principles have ceased to be operative. The disclosures of corruption and mal-administration in places of trust provoke not only bitter condemnation, but they shake the very foundations upon which orderly society is builded and is rendered secure. As we face a new year, let us not lay the flattering unction to our souls that we are guaranteed immunity from further ills because we are employing extravagant and unusual measures to afford temporary relief to ourselves, a relief for which we must ultimately pay in liberal and exacting terms.

As we stand today upon the threshold of a new year, is it not possible for us to give heed to those elements that constitute our peace, our happiness and our continuing security? Can we not soberly and sanely look at the situation in which we find ourselves and make a fresh and firm resolve to appraise our estate by standards other than those that concern material values and so-called prosperity? Can we envision America once again restored to its proud place of power and influence, with its people secured against misfortune and want, without the restoration of those things that strengthen and stabilize character? Can we feel any sense of security for our homes, our children and our industry unless we are ready to give ourselves with renewed devotion to those institutions that stand for our highest moral and spiritual ideals?

THE SOUL OF AMERICA

In this I make no plea for any exclusive expression or brand of religious faith, be it Catholic, Protestant or Jewish. I do make a plea for the place which religion and a right relation to God and our fellows must occupy, expressed in terms of conduct, and I do solemnly urge that we make the recovery of these things our chief and immediate business in the year that lies ahead. Much of our literature today is cynical and utterly pessimistic, largely because it has abandoned all moral and spiritual values. It dogmatizes about the degeneration of our age, and forecasts the immediate breakup of our cherished institutions. It tells us that we are headed for collapse and that nothing in the way of artificial respiration, applied in terms of doles and temporary employment, can avert the catastrophe that threatens the body social, economic and political.

James E. Freeman

These dire forecasts give no place to religion, indeed they regard it as an opiate that has too long dulled our sensibilities and arrested our progress. We do not yield to these doleful and forbidding prophets. America has repeatedly shown her capacity to survive difficult situations, her recuperative powers are amazing. Her finer impulses are evoked when the shadows on her pathway are darkest. The soul of America is not insensitive to that which calls for sacrifice and service. Bigotry and intolerance can gain no foothold in a country that stands for religious freedom. This much, at least, we may claim, however boastful and recreant we may have been

in other respects. We shall continue to play our full part in world stabilization and this according to American ideals and American methods. If we are to prove ourselves worthy of our heritage, worthy of our own self-respect and the respect of our neighbors, we must do it through a revival of those moral and spiritual values that in other days—days to which we look backward with longing—have given us our place of high and proud distinction.

There are two places in which the voices of our better nature must find their largest expression: the *home* and the *church*. By this we do not imply that within these restricted areas alone they are to be articulate. The domain in which moral and spiritual standards have their place is limited only by the world in which we live, but the inspiration to high thinking and clean living is found largely in the home and the church. Where these refreshing springs are maintained pure and wholesome, they generate the kind of character that ensures strength and stability to all that concerns our best interests. Morally devitalized homes constitute a menace and where they are accompanied by a weak or spiritually depleted church, our choicest institutions are imperiled.

THE HOME MUST BE RESTORED

There is little use in seeking to restore normal industrial and social conditions unless we can effect salutary and wholesome changes in these vital centers of our life. Our civilization takes its form from the ideals of the people who determine its character; and moral excellence or moral degeneration inevitably begins with the home. Without its cooperation and support the church itself fails of power and influence. As we face the new year we feel increased confidence in the larger place the church is to occupy in all that concerns our well-being. Its strong position is not to be shaken or impaired by the violent attacks of its enemies. Notwithstanding its seeming disunity and its lack of identity of purpose, there is certainly a better and finer spirit of comity and fellowship than it has heretofore manifested. We shall always have differences of administration as we shall always have diversity of gifts, but these should not and must not deny us the right to federate our interests whenever large human concerns are to be served. Wherever there are wrongs to be righted, wherever selfishness and greed are exercised to the hurt of those who are defenseless and unfriended, there the corporate voice of the church must be heard. Wherever corruption or emboldened abuses hold unrestricted sway, there an aroused and righteously angered church must courageously serve and serve without fear or favor.

The evidence of a more militant action on the part of the church has been shown in these more recent years. The spirit of Christ, who dared to contend against the shameful abuses of his day, is stirring the soul of the church of our time. It may be that the very exigencies of the hour are compelling the integration of its forces and that new emphases are challenging its larger service. One thing is clearly evident, namely, that wherever this ancient institution is standing with fixity of conviction for the highest and truest of human interests, wherever it is ministering to the bodies as well as the souls of men, wherever it is placing its whole emphasis upon the fundamental truths that give it its

A Christmas Prayer

By Joseph Fort Newton

LORD and Giver of Life, Thou hast given to us unto the uttermost, even the gift of Thyself, revealing Thy nearness to us and Thy presence within us, linking Thy eternal life with our fleeting days in birth and growth, in humility and service, in love and death. What can we ask that has not already been given, what good thing can we imagine that is not our own, what loveliness can we dream that has not been fulfilled? Surely goodness and mercy have followed us all the way, even running ahead of our need, anticipating our prayer, and making our highest dreams come true before we dreamed them.

Truly, O God Eternal, Thy love is deeper than our thought, Thy grace is a fountain from which flows everything we can desire for the holiest and happiest life. Make us more responsive, we humbly pray, more capable of receiving that which Thou hast prepared for those who seek Thee, and teach our hearts a prayer pure enough to thank Thee and a song noble enough to praise Thee for Thy mercy. O Great Musician, attune our lips to a more haunting melody, that we may unite with all the hosts who celebrate the birth of love and pity in the hard heart of man.

As Thou hast given to us so freely, so abundantly, may we receive humbly, reverently, gratefully, knowing that it is more blessed to give than to receive, and learning to give our best to our fellow souls in their need. In the name of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and who hast lifted from our souls the burden of sin and fear, may we be skilful in lifting burdens from the weary and world-broken. May the spirit of Jesus be born in us anew, teaching our love to remember, our anger to forgive, and our unkindness to forget, that somewhat of His beauty and pity may be reflected in our lives.

God of Pity, look with mercy upon our war-stained earth, with its bitter sin and woe, and hasten the day of peace on earth among men of good will, lest strife desolate us forever. Live in us richly; overcome our evil with Thy creative goodness; make us Thy fellow workers, faithful in duty, helpers of Thy will to love and Thy purpose to redeem.

Unite Thy church, breaking down all barriers that divide, that together, in the fellowship of love, we may work for the glory of Thy truth; in the name of Jesus. Amen.

authority and warrant, there its voice will be heard, and heard gladly.

YOUTH AND THE OLDER GENERATION

We may not be unmindful as we reflect upon the opportunities of the new year, of the high obligation we owe the youth of this confused age. They, more than all others, are the victims of conditions they did not create. They are not unresponsive to standards that call for heroic service; they are deaf to a program or system whose avowed adherents betray disloyalty to their professed faith. The faults and vices of youth, the indifferent regard for time-honored conventions, are traceable to the lowered moral standards of the elder generation. Any reformation affecting our domestic and social practice must begin with those of mature years. In the face of the current widespread criticism of our young people of today, I do not believe that the high claims of religion have lost their appeal to youth, but, I would add this comment—these claims must be validated by a practice that is at once exemplary and consistent.

No matter what is said to the contrary, notwithstanding all its limitations and mistakes, the church with its message to the souls of men will continue to occupy a conspicuous and commanding place in all that concerns our deepest and largest interests. It may have to readjust its methods to meet new conditions, but in doing so it will not have to dilute or impair its essential message. Like the incomparable love of a mother, there is no adequate substitute for its winsome appeal. A regenerated home life and a reverent and spiritually enlivened church are the two great requisites that our distracted and disillusioned age demand to restore its poise and its serenity.

THE CHURCH AND THE FUTURE

As we look confidently forward to a new year, to the dissipation of the shadows that have darkened our horizons, to the return of happier and better days for all our people, to more of equity and fair play in our industrial workroom, to more of decency and wholesomeness in our home and social relations, let us be reminded that these things are given to a people that pursue the ways of virtue, that live by a moral code and that reverently recognize and worship God in all the concerns of their life. America will survive the strains and shocks only as she exalts character and gives religion a commanding place in her life.

In behalf of the churches of every name; in behalf of those character-building agencies that do their large part; in behalf of homes and firesides that stand for the best and cleanest in human relationships, we make our New Year's day appeal. May God lead us to see our way as we ascend again our mount of vision, and upon the pathway of the opening year may he shed the light that has never failed us, even when selfish pursuits blurred our vision and impeded our course. With deepened reverence and renewed faith and courage we enter the new gateway, highly resolved that this nation, under God, shall fulfill her high destiny and that the more abundant life shall be the just reward of all her citizens.

Christmas Verse

In Bethlehem, Today

HIS light still shines in Bethlehem Town
Where long-limbed camels stately stalk
And matrons virtuously walk
In spotless headdress flowing down
About their ample-skirted gown.

His light still shines in children's eyes
That nightly feast on starry skies
And intimately know the sheep
That shepherds on their hillside keep
On nights too heavenly for sleep.

His light still shines above the lamps
In shrines where creeds make hostile camps;
For not in incense-stifled air
His Presence breathes, but yonder where
The people walk in Bethlehem square.

MADELEINE SWEENY MILLER.

Evaluation

BORN in a borrowed cattle shed,
And buried in another's tomb;
Small wonder our complacency
Leaves such a One no room!

But castles were as poor as sheds
Until that Prince was born on earth,
And tombs were mockeries of hope
Before He changed death into birth!

ELINOR LENNEN.

The Lord of the World

COME sail with me o'er the golden sea
To the land where the rainbow ends,
Where the rainbow ends,
And the great earth bends
To the weight of the starry sky,
Where the tempests die with a last fierce cry,
And never a wind is wild.
There's a Mother mild, with a little Child
Like a star set on her knee,
Then bow you down, give Him the crown—
'Tis the Lord of the world you see.

G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY.

A Christmas Prayer

WE open here our treasures and our gifts;
And some of it is gold,
And some is frankincense,
And some is myrrh;
For some has come from plenty,
Some from joy,
And some from deepest sorrow of the soul.
But Thou, O Lord, dost know the gift is love,
Our pledge of peace, our promise of good will.
Accept the gift and all the life we bring.

HERBERT H. HINES.

The Frontal Attack in Preaching

By Herman F. Reissig

"WHY attack problems so frontally? Why not more obliquely?" The question is quoted from a personal letter written by a dear friend whose name would be familiar to most readers of this article. The letter discussed a sermon which, in explicit sentences, called upon the church to take its stand with underprivileged and minority groups, such as Negroes, Jews and wage-earners. "Rome was not built in a day," says the writer of the letter. He is no obscurantist or reactionary. Far from it. He is not complacent about his world. He is a sensitive and highly intelligent pastor. But —well, to quote him further, he thinks it would be just as well to omit from our sermons such words as "communism," since their very mention tends to stir up antagonism. He does not counsel compromise. He merely suggests that, since the people in the pews have not done as much thinking on social issues as preachers, we should take it a little easy, hint rather than speak explicitly, take them ahead by an oblique rather than a direct road.

Coming from one who is at heart a reactionary, the suggestion would be quickly dismissed. Coming, as it does, from one who is definitely a liberal, it gives one pause. Is he right? Is it, after all, wiser to use very sparingly the direct, explicit method of teaching? Is the coming of God's kingdom more effectively assisted by inferential, subtly suggestive teaching? I do not think so. And this is a plea to preachers that they call a spade a spade, leaving no doubt in the minds of their hearers as to their meaning.

● *Telling the Truth About the Bible*

The unsatisfactory results of the preacher's hesitation in speaking his whole mind, and speaking it so that babes can understand, can be seen in the present confusion with respect to the Bible. After some fifty years of the new understanding of the Bible by scholars and preachers it is still astonishing and disheartening to discover how many regular attendants at liberal churches do not have in their possession the key which unlocks the Book. The fundamental approach to the Bible, as stated, for example, in Fosdick's, "The Modern Use of the Bible," ought by this time to be a commonplace for liberal Christians. That it is not can be speedily discovered by almost any pastor in a few talks with his people—even with his Sunday school teachers. After all these years, multitudes of people in our liberal churches are equally impressed by Moses and by Jesus. Even today one cannot in the average church read a passage from the Old Testament with any assurance that the people will listen to it as an interesting and important historical statement, rather than as the decisive word of God to our generation. Select almost any biblical passage for public reading. Parts of it will probably be timeless truth or principle, and other parts will be important only as history. Our congregations ought to be able to make the distinction. If they were, a venerable preacher would not have said to me that finding a continuously good scripture reading for the service was to him as difficult as preparing the sermon.

Herman F. Reissig

I do not wish to weaken the point by overstating it. Is it not, however, the fact that a conscientious preacher hesitates to read publicly many a significant portion of the Bible simply because—unless he expects to interpret the passage in his sermon—his congregation, not having the key, will be given wrong ideas or dully reject it as irrelevant to their lives?

● *Lamentable Results of "Patient" Preaching*

Who is to blame? Sincere preachers who have had just a little more regard for the peace of mind of uninstructed people than for the truth! We have not wished to disturb anybody's faith. We have not wanted to be thought "extreme." We have believed that, as good pedagogues, we ought to use the indirect and oblique approach. "Rome was not built in a day!" So we have gone on, leaving our people in undisturbed possession of points of view which, in the end, cause far more trouble than a few forthright and unmistakably clear sermons on the Bible would ever have caused.

Is it not time that we made the whole matter very clear to our people, and then brought our sermonic and liturgical references into harmony with our teaching? Is it iconoclastic to suggest this, after all these years, and in view of the lamentable results of the so-called "wise" and "patient" method? Ought we not say to ourselves that, though we have an obligation to ignorant people, we have no obligation to ignorance? I am not suggesting that we forget our people and think only of the truth, much less that we preach dogmatic and ruthless sermons. Let us only make sure that the eye toward truth is as clear as the eye toward the "feelings" of our people! No, we would be better off today if liberal preachers had not feared to make a frontal attack on an untrue and uninspiring view of the Bible, or, to put it better, if they had stated in language that everybody could understand that view of the Bible which liberates it for great work throughout all time.

● *Vague Preaching of Justice and Brotherhood*

The trouble with this oblique method of teaching is that it is like a cloud: you can imagine it to resemble almost anything. Every man sees in it what is congenial to his temperament or prejudice. "Christ calls us to heroic action!" cries the preacher. Which to one man means fighting the Catholics; to another refusing to go to war; to a third, arming ourselves against the "Yellow Peril." "Justice" is a malleable, even if noble word. "Brotherhood" is an amorphous term, susceptible of varying interpretations. One sometimes feels like interrupting the preacher: "What do you mean—justice? Justice for whom? Just what individuals or groups do you think are being treated unjustly? Would you carry your belief in brotherhood so far as to urge Negroes to join your church?" Ah, this "soft" and barbless preaching—that demands fair play but never mentions things like the denial of the worker's right to join a union of his own choice, that flings a curse at war but does not urge the people to take no part in war! A few people campaigning for Mooney's release are worth more to the kingdom of God than a church-full of people nodding their heads to a call for "justice."

A further defect of the preaching which avoids the approach direct is

that it comes too dangerously near the vague generalizing which wins assent from the sinners, as well as from the saints.

● *Preaching Brotherhood by the "Case" Method*

Almost everybody agrees with your general Christian principle—until you make it explicit. To the tentative suggestion, or to the thundered proclamation of "social justice" and "brotherhood" all the people say, "Amen!" When we come to concrete cases some begin to disagree. But that is not all. Not by far! The straightout reference, the specific challenge brings others to their feet with a glad and perceiving response! The frontal attack ("attack" is not altogether the happy word!) puts life into our preaching. The listlessness of the hearers is gone. They know what we mean. Living issues take the place of quiescent principles. Youth responds to the concrete challenge. Here is something they can do! If some are alienated—well, too bad. (No sincere preacher enjoys offending people.) But the glowing response of at least a few, their joyful discovery that religion means business, is evidence that the road to a revitalized religion lies in making it specific. "If the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle?"

To take another concrete illustration of this matter, we have preached —how many sermons! on the Christian's concern for the underprivileged. We have told our people a hundred times about Jesus' quick and unfailing sympathy for the poor, the oppressed, the weak. It is interesting—even, perhaps, rather inspiring—if the preacher have the gift of colorful and dramatic speech. Everybody agrees. No one is offended. And no one goes out of the church to do valiant battle for any specific group of underprivileged folk. Not a single prejudice is disturbed. And no youth is inspired to become a champion of the oppressed.

● *Where "Oblique" Social Preaching Fails*

Is it not time that we get down to cases? Who are those underprivileged whom Christians are to help if not, for one group, the millions of wage-earners for whom even 1929 prosperity brought no release from insecurity and want? And if we are to be their friends must we not abandon some of our prejudices against labor unions and the strike? How can we help them, under the present order, unless we help them to organize—unless, on occasion, we stand with them in a strike against impossible wages and working conditions? Such a suggestion will, of course, offend some of the middle class and wealthy folk in our congregations. What then? Will they ever get rid of their unreasoned prejudices by listening to oblique references which leave the matter in the realm of general principles?

How long must we wait before applying our Christian principles to the most vital issues of our day? When will the time be ripe for a realistic pulpit analysis of pagan capitalism? One does not suggest that we ought ever entreat our people to vote for any particular political party. But how effective is our preaching of the social gospel if year after year all our people go right on voting for the men and the parties wedded to a basically unchristian economic order? The "Old Guard" in politics is not the political expression of Christianity. Quite the opposite! If the preacher ought not say this, he ought at least say something that will ensure the inference. What is the ambassador of Christ here for, if not to make some specific suggestions concerning the application of Christianity which had not occurred to his people? The prevailing political philosophy and practice contrast lamentably with the gospel we have been preaching all these years. The blame does not rest upon bad people but, at least in large measure, upon the good people in our churches who have been listening to our oblique preaching!

● *If Capitalism Is Wrong, Let Us Say So!*

Many of us are constantly discussing, in a perfectly frank manner, such subjects as communism, socialism, the class struggle, unions and strikes—discussing them, that is, in conversation with other ministers and in conferences of all kinds. Is it playing fair with our congregations to leave such subjects altogether out of the pulpit, or to discuss them with a hedging diffidence? Are our people so immature or fearful that we cannot talk to them with complete candor? Some of us are a little tired of saying one thing in a ministers' conference and something a little different in our pulpits. Those things which we most surely believe we propose to say to our people. We will say them lovingly and with all the compassion and homiletic skill of which we are capable. But we will say them. We will not talk every Sunday about economic or political or racial issues. There are other important matters. But if capitalism seems to us irremediably unchristian, we shall say so. If there are virtues in communism which need to be considered, we shall not allow the fear of being labeled "reds" by the prejudiced to deter us. If we believe that war is a sin and that the man who goes to war is a sinner, we shall treat that man like any other sinner—with love and forgiveness and pity.

We shall, moreover, permit the tenor of our preaching to reflect the fact that social issues are just now somewhat more important than that body of purely personal matters on which the church has historically placed a disproportionate emphasis. We shall, in other words, assume that we are not more intelligent or courageous than the people to whom we preach. This may help to stimulate the fading interest in religion of youth and of intelligent older people.

VIGOROUS!
INTERESTING!
UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

Interdenominational! Many Hundreds of Presbyterian Congregational Baptist Methodist classes use it —15 denominations in all

The 20th Century Quarterly

(Thomas Curtis Clark, *Editor*)

It makes a study of the Bible itself, treating the International lessons in fresh, interesting fashion.

It teaches Bible truth as the key to the solution of the perplexing problems of TODAY.

It aims especially to inculcate Christian ideals and grow character in modern young people.

Write for Free Sample Copy NOW—and Decide to Adopt This Unique Study Text In Your School January 1!

THE 20th CENTURY QUARTERLY • 440 S. Dearborn St. • Chicago

WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE

Graduating from Yale Divinity school in 1922, Rev. ALBERT BUCKNER COE had his first pastorates in Somerville, Mass., and Waterbury, Conn. In 1930 he became the successor to Dr. William E. Barton and Dr. Albert W. Palmer at First Congregational church, Oak Park, Ill.

From 1906 to 1910 Rev. GAIUS GLENN ATKINS was minister at the First Congregational church, Detroit, then he spent seven years with Central church, Providence, R. I. In 1917 he was recalled to the Detroit church, where he continued his ministry until 1927. He left Detroit to become Hoyt professor of homiletics and sociology at Auburn seminary. Among Dr. Atkins' numerous books are "The Making of the Christian Mind" and "The Procession of the Gods."

Graduating from Brown university and Union Theological seminary, Rev. GEORGE D. ALLISON pursued graduate work in Columbia, and in 1910 entered upon his first pastorate at the Baptist church of Rutherford, N. J. After a ten year service there, he went to Wilmington, Del. Since 1928 he has ministered to the Baptist church in Wilmette, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Mr. Allison has been active in young people's assemblies.

Dr. CHARLES F. WISHART *was ordained* in the United Presbyterian ministry in 1897, and held pastorates in Pittsburgh and Chicago. For four years he was professor of systematic theology in Pittsburgh Theological seminary. Since 1919 he has been president of the College of Wooster, Wooster, O. In 1923 he was named moderator of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., and has held many other posts of responsibility in the fields of religion and education.

Rev. JAMES GORDON GILKEY *has ministered* at the South Congregational church, Springfield, Mass., since 1917. From 1923 to 1930 he was professor of Biblical literature in Amherst college. Throughout his long ministry in Springfield Dr. Gilkey has directed an elaborate program of institutional church work. He has written many books, among them "Solving Life's Everyday Problems," "The Certainty of God" and "What Can We Believe?"

Bishop JAMES E. FREEMAN *spent a number* of years in business before entering the ministry. He began his preaching career as rector of St. Andrew's Memorial church, Yonkers, N. Y., and from there went to St. Mark's church, Minneapolis. The Church of the Epiphany in Washington, D. C., was his next charge, and in 1923 he was consecrated as Bishop of Washington.

Rev. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON *has recently* become special preacher for the two parishes of St. James and St. Luke and the Epiphany, in Philadelphia.

Rev. HERMAN F. REISSIG *is minister of* the Kings Highway Congregational church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the November issue of the Pulpit mention should have been made of the fact that the sermon by Dr. Tittle, "Can We Abolish War?" was originally preached before the Chicago Sunday Evening club.

TITLES AND TEXTS

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

JULIUS FISCHBACH, Baptist, Morgantown, W. Va. "Is Christ a Failure?" Isa. 42:4—"He will not fail nor be discouraged till he have set justice in the earth; and the isles shall wait for his law."

J. K. MCDEVITT, JR., First Presbyterian, New Cumberland, W. Va. "What Price Humanity?" Lam. 4:2—"The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the potter's hands."

WILLIAM H. BODDY, Westminster Presbyterian, Minneapolis, Minn. "The Mystic versus the Engineer." Zech. 2:1-5—"And I lifted up mine eyes and I saw a young man with a measuring line. And I said, Whither goest thou? And he said, To Measure Jerusalem. . . . And I said, The Lord will be unto her a wall of fire about her and a glory in the midst of her."

JOHN H. MARION, JR., Rock Hill, S. C. "A Man's a Man." Matt. 12:12—"How much more is a man worth than a sheep?" (Moffatt)

MELVIN J. JOACHIM, First Presbyterian, Springfield Gardens, N. Y. "An X-Ray of the Soul." I Sam. 16:7—"For man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart."

WALLACE E. MCCOY, First Baptist, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. "One Man Against an Empire." John 19:10, 11—"Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee? . . . Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above."

CLAUDE ALLEN MCKAY, First Congregational, Binghampton, N. Y. "Naboth's Vineyard—A Parable for the Times." I Kings 21:7—"Jezebel his wife said unto him . . . Cheer up, I will get you the vineyard of Naboth."

C. MARSHALL MUIR, Bellefield Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "If War Comes—What?" Matt. 26:52—"Put up again thy sword into its place: for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

. . . . . .
Title of sermon
. . . . . .
Text used (write out the text)
. . . . . .
Name of minister
. . . . . .
Name of church
. . . . . .
Address

THE EDITOR'S PAGE

The Event of the Month

WHAT a Fall of Man we have recorded on the front pages of our press every day now! The developing story of Japan's dismemberment of China and of Italy's worse than savage slaughter of unoffending Ethiopians! The worst form of war has befallen our world—two cynical, deliberate, and unprovoked wars of conquest. They are not even mitigated by the pretensions of self-defense, that good old standby which has served in the past to justify the most brutal of aggressions. Could we have imagined it seventeen years ago, or ten years ago, or five years ago? No. The hardest-headed among us could, perhaps, imagine an international situation arising, so complex in its factors that if war emerged it would be impossible to pin the primary responsibility upon any nation. But the more tender-minded among us were unable to envisage even that kind of war. We all cherished the belief that peace had folded its wings and taken its permanent abode with us. But never were wars waged whose cause was so unambiguous and whose responsibility so one-sided as these two. I find that all my cocksureness about peace systems has gone. I have only one sure anchor in this turbulent sea. This is, that America must keep out of it. Our neutrality law gives us a good start, but it must be widened by congress to make the embargo apply on all trade with belligerents, not on mere "implements of war," narrowly interpreted. If our war profiteers are allowed to operate freely, as they did in all previous wars, we shall be drawn in as sure as fate. The President is being put under tremendous pressure at the hands of big business just now to loosen up on the neutrality law. Patriots must put on equal pressure to get congress not to loosen but to tighten the law.

The Fall Of Man

The Book of the Month

THE CHURCH AGAINST THE WORLD, *by H. Richard Niebuhr, Wilhelm Pauck and Francis Miller. Willett, Clark & Company, $2.00.*

THE reason I select this as the book of the month is that I regard it as the most important and the most readable statement of the new emphasis that is coming in both theological thought and pulpit message of which I have any knowledge. These authors are three of our younger group of theologians. Their minds have been formed under the intellectual and social conditions of our time. They know what their own generation is thinking. They also know what the generation before them thought. And, no less important, they know what the *generations* have thought—that is, they know their church history. Moreover, the three men have essentially an identical outlook. Their work is therefore not a symposium but a collaboration. They wrought the book out *together*. They tell us that what we used to call "modernism" was pretty thin—and I do not dispute it. But they also tell us that the old orthodoxy was pretty hard and inept, though I think they have more sympathy with orthodoxy. But they have their own emphasis which is neither modernist nor fundamentalist. They see how Protestant Christianity has allowed itself to be seduced by secularism, that is, by nationalism, capitalism, racialism, humanism and scientific intellectualism. And they say that Christianity cannot function according to its own genius until it frees itself from its servile entanglement with these forms of secularism. They do not say how this is to be done. They do not constructively define the kind of church which will emerge if their call to independence is heeded. But that is no just criticism. The book is too short to do everything! And besides, diagnosis is the first stage in a sound therapeutic. Others will show the next stage and still others will describe the goal. Indeed, it is to be hoped these same three writers will in future works carry their contribution forward. As for me, I want to be in at the start, and go along in their company as far as I can.

A Thought for the Month

THE heaviest burden which the Christian church has to bear today is its sense of the magnitude of Christianity's task in the world. It is this that lies at the basis of all our disquiet. It is far more disturbing to us than any of the theological problems, or the missionary problem, or the problem presented to us by a defunct denominational system. They are but symptoms; the true cause of our discomfiture is our feeling that Christianity is too big for our small hearts. Its claims upon us are so much more inclusive, so much more searching, so much more categorical than we used to imagine, that a spirit of complacency is no longer possible. When the German Nazis some three years ago announced their doctrine of a totalitarian state, I made comment by coining what I then felt was a grotesque expression—Christian totalitarianism. By this expression I intended to deny the supreme sovereignty of any political ruler or regime and to claim supreme sovereignty over the whole of life for Jesus Christ alone. I almost staggered as I wrote the editorial in which I first used that expression. The thesis has become less shocking to me as I have grown used to it and have had it reinforced by many minds much better than my own. But the sense of the gravity of the Christian enterprise as nothing less than a totalitarian responsibility weighs heavily upon me, as I am sure it does on the hearts of all who once envisage it. It is this high responsibility of Christianity for the character of our civilization that makes me dissatisfied with an inadequate theology, more ambitious than ever for a sound missionary procedure, and uncompromisingly uncomfortable with our divided church. Our discontents and our feeling of frustration—these, after all, may be the inevitable growing pains of a church that is passing through a cycle of adolescence into a new maturity.

Totalitarian Christianity

Charles Clayton Morrison

INDEX—1935

Sermons

Allison, George D.: "A Truce on Selfishness" (December)
Ashworth, Robert A.: "Brotherhood Comes First!" (Jan.)
Atkins, Gaius Glenn: "The Ascent of Wonder" (December)
Aubrey, Edwin Ewart: "After Freedom—What?" (March)
Batdorf, Grant D.: "The Energy of Faith" (Aug.)
Bowie, Walter Russell: "The Victory That Overcometh" (April)
Brewbaker, Charles W.: "Faith in Christ" (Aug.)
Buttrick, George A.: "Seeing and Believing" (July); "That Was I Worth to God" (Oct.)
Campbell, George A.: "In The Sanctuary" (Feb.)
Chalmers, Allan Knight: "Yes, I Believe" (Jan.)
Chappell, Clovis G.: "A Good Man's Blunder" (July)
Clarke, George A.: "The Pioneer" (Oct.)
Clinchy, Russell J.: "The Higher Patriotism" (Nov.)
Clippinger, A. R.: "The Promise of the Father" (Aug.)
Coe, Albert Buckner: "Fame's Serene Abode" (May); "The Need and the Promise" (December)
Cohon, Beryl D.: "Knees that Have Not Bowed to Baal" (Jan.)
Combs, George H.: "What Shall We Do With Our Dreams?" (Feb.)
Crane, Henry H.: "Achieving the Impossible" (July)
Dodd, M. E.: "Conserving Our Real Wealth" (Sept.)
Fiske, Charles: "Jesus Christ or Nothing" (April)
Fitt, Frank: "The Unavoidable God" (Jan.)
Fortune, A. W.: "Entering Into Life" (Feb.)
Fosdick, Harry Emerson: "Let's All Be Realistic" (June)
Fout, Henry H.: "A Gospel Universal and Adequate" (Aug.)
Freeman, James E.: "Structural Security" (April); "Facing a New Year" (December)
Gallagher, Buell G.: "Jesus and Christianity" (March)
Gates, William Bishop: "Christ's Borrowings" (March)
Gebhardt, Gerard H.: "Christ, the Power and Wisdom of God" (Oct.)
Gilkey, James Gordon: "Staying Serene in a Distracted World" (December)
Goewey, Herbert F.: "Bridging the Gaps" (Oct.)
Gurley, Alvin B.: "A Christian's Liberty" (May)
Haddaway, K. K.: "Pharisaical Thanksgiving" (Nov.)
Harkness, Samuel: "Salvation—A Modern Definition" (March)
Heimsath, Charles S.: "Open Doors" (Jan.)
Hill, Edward Yates: "Millions With More Leisure" (Aug.)
Hudnut, William H. Jr.: "The Power of High Tradition" (Sept.)
Hunter, Allan A.: "Wanted: A Sense of Sure Direction" (May)
Hutchinson, Forney: "The Forgotten Man" (July)
Hutchinson, Paul: "Action in a World of Chaos" (June)
Isserman, Ferdinand M.: "The Dream of America" (May)
Jenkins, Burris: "What I Believe In" (Feb.)
Johnson, Irving P.: "Spiritual Climbing" (April)
Jones, Edgar DeWitt: "The Dogs of War" (Feb.)
Kemper, Clarence W.: "God and This Generation" (Oct.)
Kern, Paul B.: "The Road Away From Disillusionment" (July)
Lee, Robert G.: "Christ Died For Our Sins" (Sept.)
Lee, Umphrey: "The Smell of Fire" (July)
Luccock, Halford E.: "When Life Begins" (March); "Living a Thousand Lives" (June)
MacLennan, David A.: "Trumpets in the Morning" (Jan.)
Mathews, William B.: "We Gave You Everything!" (Nov.)
McCartney, Clarence E.: "God in the Storm" (Oct.)
Miller, Raphael H.: "Who Lives In You?" (Feb.)
Moment, John J.: "Let Us Worship God!" (March)
Morrison, James D.: "The Cross in the New World" (Nov.)
Newton, Joseph Fort: "Everybody's Religion" (April); "Toward Peace" (May)
Norwood, Frederick W.: "Are We Free or Bound?" (Sept.)
Petrie, John Clarence: "The Jealousy of God" (Sept.)
Poteat, Edwin McNeill, Jr.: "But What Is Love?" (June)
Robbins, Howard Chandler: "The Church Year" (April)
Scarborough, L. R.: "Christ's and Ours" (Sept.)
Shorter, Fred W.: "Processions" (May)
Showers, J. Balmer: "The Friend of Caesar" (Aug.)
Shuler, Robert P.: "Our Crumbling Foundations" (July)
Smith, Herbert Booth: "The Angry Tree" (March)
Sperry, Willard L.: "Making God Real" (Oct.)
Stafford, Russell H.: "The Secret Gospel" (Sept.)
Stewart, George Craig: "Partnership" (April)
Thurneysen, Edward: "A New Beginning" (March)
Tittle, Ernest Fremont: "What Is Right?" (June); "Can We Abolish War?" (Nov.)
Warner, Ira A.: "The Supremacy of Christ" (Aug.)
Welshimer, P. H.: "The Church" (Feb.)
Wicks, Robert Russell: "The Knack of Being Pessimistic" (June)
Willett, Herbert L.: "Who Are the Saved?" (Nov.)
Wishart, Charles F.: "The Task of Forgetting" (December)
Woolley, Mary E.: "Thine Eyes Shall See the King in His Beauty" (May)
Wright, Bruce S.: "There Stands the Mother!" (May)

Pastoral Prayers

Ames, Edward Scribner (February)
Burns, Raymond C. (September)
Ferris, Frank Halliday (August)
Gilkey, Charles W. (January)
Hudnut, Herbert W. (November)
Jefferson, Charles E. (May)
Jordan, G. Ray (July)
Newton, Joseph Fort (December)
Norwood, Frederick W. (March)
Palmer, Albert W. (June)
Parsons, Edward L. (April)
Vlastos, Gregory (October)

Preacher Problems

Alton, John Taylor: "Preaching, the Minister's Chief Task" (April)
Bricker, L. O.: "The Church and the Children" (Feb.)
Brodhead, Charles D.: "Prayer Problems of Pastors" (Aug.)
Holman, Charles T.: "The Pastor as Personal Counselor" (Nov.)
Jordan, Orvis F.: "The Minister and His Community" (March)
Lemon, W. P.: "The Preacher and His Library" (June)
McAfee, John A.: "The Preacher and His Reading" (Sept.)
Reissig, Herman F.: "The Frontal Attack in Preaching" (December)
Rice, Merton S.: "The Preacher's Profit" (May)
Richardson, Norman E.: "The Minister as Leader of Worship" (Oct.)
Ruopp, Harold W.: "Preaching to Life Situations" (Jan.)
Willett, Herbert L.: "The Question of Funerals" (July)

Book of the Month

Bennett, John C.: "Social Salvation" (June)
Bergson, Henri: "The Two Sources of Morality and Religion" (May)
Calhoun, Robert L.: "God and the Common Life" (Aug.)
Chrisman, Lewis H.: "Ten-Minute Sermons" (Oct.)
Clark, Thomas Curtis: "One Hundred Poems of Immortality" (April)
Garrison, Winfred Ernest: "Intolerance" (Feb.); "One Hundred Poems of Immortality" (April)
Morrison, Charles Clayton: Christendom (magazine) (Nov.)
Niebuhr, H. Richard; Pauck, Wilhelm; Miller, Francis: "The Church Against the World" (December)
Simpson, Carnegie: "The Fact of the Christian Church" (July)
Van Dusen, Henry Pitt: "God in These Times" (Sept.)
Van Kirk, Walter W.: "Religion Renounces War" (Jan.)
Woods, Edward S.: "What Is This Christianity?" (March)

'Pulpit' Binders

Many subscribers to The Christian Century Pulpit are now using our specially prepared binder, in order to keep all the issues intact. It is made of a new fibre material that is both dust-proof and waterproof. It is easy to operate, and carries the name of the publication on the cover. Furthermore, it will hold 24 issues—a two years supply! The cost is $1.00. Send order to

The Christian Century Pulpit
440 South Dearborn Street
Chicago, Illinois